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FRONTISPIECE



DEVIL ON STICKS

Phinn & Mitchellon Sculpt.

THE
DEVIL
UPON
TWO STICKS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE
DIABLE BOITEUX
OF
M. L E S A G E.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,
ASMODEUS'S CRUTCHES,
A CRITICAL LETTER upon the WORK;
And DIALOGUES between some CHIMNEYS
of MADRID.

A NEW TRANSLATION.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

V O L. I.

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OF THE
FIRST VOLUME.

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ASMODEUS'S CRUTCHES.

DEAR SIR,

 HEARING that there is a new edition of the DEVIL ON TWO STICKS published, I take this opportunity of acquainting you of it. In spite of the antipathy that mankind have conceived, ever since the original sin of Adam, against the race of fallen angels, Asmodeus is beloved by every one. He is read, he is caressed; never was devil so fondled. True it is he might have appeared to Cleofas under a somewhat more beautiful shape; such as the poets paint him, when he is introduced under the specious appellation of Cupid. But he scorned to use any disguise to his deliverer, and therefore shewed himself in all his original deformity, as a proof he wanted to deal sincerely with him; and a very uncommon instance of sincerity it was; for how many lovers are there, who never had once an opportunity of seeing the faces of their mistresses only in their native, and without borrowed charms? And after all, such as we behold him, he appears more

VOL. I.

A

like the god of pleasure, than in all those beauties and graces the ancients have bestowed upon him, when they dress him as the god of love; and his mantle, with its ingenious emblems, becomes him better than the fillet, the gilded wings, and the sounding quiver.

IN other respects, the excellent moral character he sustains, and the great sense and discernment he shews in the course of his observations, do more than compensate for the ugliness of his person. He acquits himself religiously of the promise he made Don Cleofas, does him most important service, and discovers nothing of that falshood and deceit for which the inhabitants of his country are rendered so justly infamous. In point of sense and discernment, he nobly maintains the reputation of his brother-demons; he shews as much discretion as one could well expect from the whole society together; of which there needs be no other proof than what he says on the subject of his own quarrel with Palliardoc. "After which, says he, our friends reconciled us, we embraced, and have cherished a mortal hatred against each other ever since." This hint leaves more to the imagination than can be expressed by words; and you will find several such other instances in the remarks he makes on the folly and vices of men.

CAN the weakness of mankind be exposed with more sense or more force of ridicule than he has expressed? No, his paintings are all finished. When I figure to myself this devil halting on his crutches, I cannot avoid considering those sensible and satyrical strokes of ridicule, with which he every now and then lashes the follies and vices of men, as so many parts of the crutches, which he bestows on such as he thinks deserve them; and, in spite of the care-

less air he puts on, as if seemingly he intended only amusement, he never misses, or strikes in the wrong place: his arrows are sure, and always hit the mark.

THE young gentleman undoubtedly improved more in one night from the instructions of Asmodeus, than he had done all his life before from the lectures of the doctors of Alcalá. These people, by their continual jargon, instil into the minds of youth a distaste of morality and virtue. Instead of which Zambullo found in Asmodeus an artful and able master, who could find the way to his scholar's heart, and whilst he entertained him with agreeable scenes of delightful amusement, conveyed instruction at the same time, exposing the weakness of human nature, and teaching the young student how to correct them, without disgusting him by tedious and insipid lessons.

I DO not therefore at all wonder, that this devil should be well received upon his coming among us. For how can any man in France refuse his approbation to a work, that, under the semblance of a trifling amusement, contains such a happy assemblage of wit, delicacy, sense, and politeness? The minds of men are naturally prejudiced against the insipidity of dogmatic precepts; they want to be entertained with something pleasant and agreeable; but, along with that, they expect reason and sense. In short, we are a rational people, and Signior Asmodeus has exactly suited himself to the genius of the French nation. He certainly must have conceived a previous affection to our nation; though I cannot but wonder at his generosity in having taken so long a journey to make us wiser, against his own interest, and against the interest of society in

general, who, I dare say, do not thank him in the least for his trouble.

Is there any man, Sir, who does not envy the situation of Zambullo, on those towers of speculation, where Asmodeus placed him? As for me, I fly along with him, on the wings of fancy, to the top of St. Salvador; and behold, in his company, with great delight, the objects that are represented to his consideration. A superannuated coquette, who leaves her hair, her eye-brows, and her teeth, upon her toilet, before she goes to bed; a beau of threescore, who takes off, with his own hands, one eye, and a pair of whiskers, waiting for his valet to help him off with his wooden arm and wooden leg, that he may go to bed with the rest; and the sister of this charming Adonis, who, by means of artificial lips and bubbies, passes for a lady of twenty five: I cannot, I say, forbear laughing, with Zambullo, at thoughts of three such lodgers all under the same roof.

SHIFTING the scene, I see with pleasure my good old Zanubio pierced to the heart with the cries of his wife in labour, and the sound repose of the footman, who is the cause of all the pains she endures; and I greatly commend the diligence of that physician, who is dressing so quickly to visit the bishop, who has coughed above thrice since he went to bed.

RAISED into that airy garret, methinks I see the ingenious author, who compiles a system of all social and civil virtues, and copies all the praises and commendations that have ever been bestowed on any mortal, for his personal merit, or the fame of his fore-fathers; which he puts into a dedication; and though he has not as yet any patron particu-

larly in view, keeps them ready for market to any one that will bid for them. There are many authors to be sure, who eat the bread of flattery; but I am astonished at the court-lady, who thinking the dedication made to her not sufficient, drew up one herself, and sent it to the author to have it printed.

WAS I to go through the streets with my companions, I should certainly lament the wretched fate of the faithful Castilian, trembling under a window, and pouring forth his love-complaints; while his mistress bewails, to the soft airs of her guittar, his rival's absence. And in the other large house I observe, greatly to my edification, a banker, stung with remorse of conscience, resolving to found a monastery out of the unjust gains he has made. He is certainly in the high road to Heaven; for having once performed this vow, he thinks all his sins are forgiven. Nor am I less pleased with the scruples of that lady in her grand climacterick, who marries a youth of seventeen, that she may have what she wants, without remorse of conscience; and I think her marriage, upon that account, ought to have been celebrated with a more decent concert of musick than basons, kettles, and frying-pans.

THE devil having shewed Don Cleofas several other entertaining objects, that he might not clog him with too much variety, stops short to make him observe the appearances of joy and content in a great hotel, and relates to him particularly, from beginning to end, the affair of Leonora de Cespi-des. We must confess, Sir, that Asmodeus tells a story well. The incidents of this romance are pleasing, the winding up natural and interesting, and a moral runs thro' the whole. The innocence and

credulity of Leonora, the love and ambition of Bel-flor, the artifices of Marcella, the wrath and indignation of Don Lewis, and every other character there introduced, are represented according to the truth of nature; for Asmodeus was certainly well acquainted with the different passions and emotions of the human soul.

AFTER the relation of this history, I return with fresh delight, to partake of the new variety of scenes Asmodeus opens to his disciple, and which he comments upon with great judgment and penetration. In that hotel lives a booby of a lord, who, forsooth, would pass for a Mæcenas. In order to acquire the character of a patron of men of learning, he gives the use of one of his garrets to a dictionary-maker. Some doors beyond him lives an experienced dealer in her way, a woman who is agent for a society of rich widows, and keeps a kind of register-office, containing an account of all the foreigners who successively come to Madrid; their family, their country, their age, their shape, and complexion. Of these she gives in a list to her customers, who read this roll, and pitch upon whom they like; and then this lady sets about procuring an interview.

IN another house you observe the devotees, who are in such a hurry and alarm about the sick inquisitor, a scene extremely diverting; one is preparing floss, and another sits at his pillow, taking care to keep his head and breast warm; these two are no doubt favourites of the holy father. The anti-chamber is crowded with other penitents, who bring him different kinds of remedies, every one praising his own in particular, and slipping a ducat into his servant's hand, begs of him, "Laurence, my dear Laurence, recommend my bottle to your master more

than the rest." To make Cleofas sensible of the happy condition of an inquisitor, Asmodeus adds, If I was not a devil, I would be an inquisitor.

LET us, Sir, accompany Zambullo to the prisons, to which he desired the devil to convey him; and pray what think you of that gallant, who being caught as he was ascending by a ladder into a balcony, runs the risk of being hanged for a house-breaker, rather than save his life at the expence of his mistress's honour, by confessing the intrigue? He will be, perhaps, the first and last martyr of this kind, and I am satisfied won't find a man in France to follow his example. I heartily pity that other innocent person, the wretched groom of the chambers, who lies there accused unjustly of having stolen a diamond, and could have wished, as Don Cleofas, that Asmodeus had set him at liberty; but I am mightily pleased with the reason he gives, why it is not in his power, when he tells him, that was he himself in goal, he could not escape the hands of justice, without paying his ransom. Mentioning another robbery, for which the man who committed it lies likewise in prison, he seems to strike the judges pretty hard. Zambullo asked him, if the man who lost the pistoles has had them given to him again? Not at all, says Asmodeus; they are so many proofs of the fact, and such witnesses they never part with; nor, indeed, does he show more regard to the holy inquisition, only that he speaks of that reverend tribunal in a very low voice.

THE horrid prospects of the prisons are succeeded by scenes more agreeable. What do you think of the distinguished piety of Sanguisuela, that rancorous vulture, who took six hundred ducats premium for the loan of three hundred and forty; but

would not tell the money, till he had first been at mass, and heard a sermon. The sleeping lady, who mistook her lover for her valet, must have been in great confusion at the discovery; and that coolness of behaviour her gallant shewed upon the occasion is admirable. He met the happy footman upon the head of the stairs; Ambrose, said he to him, do not go in, your mistress desires you will let her rest a little longer.

WE change the scene once more, and come to an hospital for the reception of people who are lunatick, or mad. How many various sorts of madness do we there find proceeding from as different causes? That Castilian news-monger had his brain disturbed by a paragraph in the gazette, giving an account that twenty-five Spaniards were beaten by fifty Portuguese. Don Blas is gone mad, for being forced to give back the dowry of his deceased wife; and that poor schoolmaster has crack'd his brain in researches after the *paulo post futurum* of a Greek verb. You observe women, too, confined here; the wife of a country justice, who ran mad at being called a cit by a lady of quality. And the wife of the treasurer of the council of the Indies, who has undergone the same fate, at being obliged, in a narrow passage, to make her coach go back, to give way to a dutchess.

ASMODEUS then shews the student a number of people who deserve to have a place in Bedlam; as much as they who are confined. As that rich widow of a master-builder, who leaves all she has to grandees, merely on account of their titles, and will leave nothing to a man, who, she acknowledges, has done her very great service, for fear his name should be a disgrace to her last will; and I am greatly de-

lighted with that gallant cavalier of threescore, who relates the adventures of his youth to a young lady he is in love with, and expects she will regard him for what he has been. I moreover admire that good dean, who buys up jewels, trinkets, and all kinds of valuable furniture, that, after his death, they may embellish the catalogue of his inventory. You may judge of the other idiots from these instances.

ASMODEUS extends his observations even to the dead. He carries Zambullo to a church full of sepulchral monuments, and gives him an account of the people for whom they are erected. Sometimes he gives a very short character of the deceased, or only mentions the manner of their death. This is the tomb of a general officer, who at his return home, like Agamemnon, found an Ægisthus in his house. In another lies a courtier, who never troubled himself about any thing but attending the levee. And a little farther lies an old director of the Indies and his young wife, oddly mingled together. An apoplexy seized him just as he was going to disinherit two children he had by a former marriage; and his wife died the next day, out of vexation that her husband did not live three days longer.

THE devil, by the power he possessed, makes Zambullo see the departed spirits of the dead, and among the rest, three celebrated actresses, whose exit was pretty extraordinary. One died of a surfeit after a debauch; a second of envy at the applauses given another actress at her first appearance upon the stage; and the third of a miscarriage, after she had been acting in the character of a vestal.

I question much if the physicians much like those pieces of representation, that Asmodeus shews the student upon the wings of death; and a man must have a diabolic imagination, to suppose young graduates in physic appearing there in the presence of death, who confers upon them their degrees. I would not advise a man of a sickly constitution to speak of doctors so disrespectfully.

REMARK, Sir, how cunningly Asmodeus alters the subject; and, to efface from the mind of his friend the gloomy impressions occasioned by the sight of death, and the ghosts of the dead, introduces a history founded on the effects of the strength of friendship. It is equally well related as the story of Count Belflor; though, on account of the tragical catastrophe, I am not ill-pleased to find it immediately followed by the chapter of dreams, which the devil unfolds very often in a manner that approaches to reality. The dreams, for instance, of the attorney and his wife, do not deviate much from truth. The man dreams he is going to see a client in the infirmary, and to supply him with some of his own money; and the woman is possessed with the imagination that her husband is turning out of his house a strong stout fellow of a clerk, of whom he is become jealous; and the dream of that fair one, who imagines that Jove is fallen in love with her, and endeavours to win her, under the appearance of a genteel page, is not, perhaps, altogether chimerical.

I SHALL say nothing, Sir, upon the observations you will find on the several people who pass in the day-time through the streets of Madrid, nor on the subject of the redeemed captives. It is still the same Asmodeus who speaks, and continues his remarks,

with the same sense and penetration. The piece is finished in the way in which it was begun, and the reader of judgment will find, to the last, strokes of the crutches, which he may improve to his advantage and edification.

I am,

DEAR SIR,

Your most humble servant.

with the same and penetration. The process
finished in the way in which is described, and the
result of the process will lead to the last, which is
the method which he may improve in his
usage and collection. In such process as is
shown I have not seen it before, and it is
not to be found in any of the books which I have
seen.

DEAR SIR,
I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your
letter of the 10th inst. and in reply to inform you
that the same has been forwarded to the proper
authorities for their consideration. I am, Sir,
very respectfully,
Yours obedient servant,
J. H. [Signature]



THE
DEVIL
UPON
TWO STICKS.

CHAP. I.

*What kind of a devil the devil upon two sticks was;
and where and by what means Don Cleofas Pe-
rez Zambullo became acquainted with him.*

I T was in the month of October, one dark
and cloudy night, at a time when the
people being retired to their respective
dwellings, had left the streets of Ma-
drid free for the serenades of lovers, some of whom
sung their success, while others, to the soft airs of
musical instruments, chanted their sad complaints, a-
larming the jealous husband and the careful pa-
rent.—In short, it was almost the hour of mid-

night, when Don Cleofas Leandro Zambullo, a student of Alcala, very nimbly sallied out of the garret window of a house, where a love affair had engaged him. He endeavoured to preserve his life and honour by flying from three or four bullies, who closely pursued him, threatening to kill or force him to marry a lady, with whom they had just before surpris'd him.

THOUGH he was single against them, he bravely defended himself for some time, and had still maintained his ground, if they had not wrested his sword from him in the fight: they followed him for some time over the tops of the houses *; but, favoured by the night, he at length got clear of them, and stealing along, he made towards a light which he perceived a great distance off, and which, feeble as it was, yet served him for a lanthorn in that perilous course. After more than once running the risk of breaking his neck, he reached the garret whence its rays proceeded, and entered it by a window, as much rejoiced as a pilot is when he finds himself and his ship safe in the harbour after the dangers of shipwreck.

HE immediately looked around him, and much wondered he should meet with no body in an apartment, which seemed so very odd and surprising. He examined it with very great attention, and saw a copper lamp hanging from the cieling, books and papers in confusion on the table, spheres and compasses on the one side, phials and quadrants on the other; all which made him conclude, that under this roof lived an astrologer, who in this museum made his observations. He reflected on the dangers he had by good fortune escaped, and was

* The tops of the houses in Spain are flat.

considering what course was the most proper for him to take, when he was interrupted by a deep sigh that broke forth very near him. At first he took it for a nocturnal illusion, or imaginary phantom, proceeding from the disturbance he was in, and without interruption continued his reflections.

BUT being interrupted a second time in the same manner, he then took it for something real; and though he saw no soul in the room, could not help crying out, What devil is it that sighs here? It is me, Signior student, answered a voice, which had somewhat very extraordinary in it; I have been for above these six months corked up in one of these glass phials. In this house lives a skilful astrologer and magician, who by his cursed art has confined me to this close prison. You are then a spirit, said Cleofas somewhat surpris'd at the oddity of this adventure. I am a devil, replied the voice, and you are come very opportunely to free me from a slavery where I languish in idleness, though in my own nature, of all the devils in hell, perhaps the most alert and industrious.

CLEOFAS was somewhat startled at these words; but, being naturally courageous, he recollected himself, and in a resolute tone thus address'd himself to the spirit. Signior dæmon, pray inform me what rank you hold in your country: are you a devil of quality, or an ordinary one? I am, replied the voice, a very considerable devil, and am more esteemed in this and the other world than any other. Perhaps, replied Cleofas, you are Lucifer? No, replied the spirit, he is concerned only with mountebanks. Are you then Uriel? returned the student. Fie! (hastily interrupted the voice) he

has nothing to do but with traders, taylors, butchers, bakers, and other third-rate thieves.

I IMAGINE then you must be Belzebub, said Leandro. You deceive yourself, answered the spirit, he is the dæmon of governantes, and gentleman-ushers, or waiting men. This surprises me, said the student; I took Belzebub for one of the principal of your fraternity. He is one of the very lowest among us, replied the dæmon; I find you know nothing at all of our hell.

You must then, replied Don Cleofas, be either Leviathan, Belphegor, or Ashtaroth. Oh! as for those three, said the voice, they are devils of the first rank; they all belong to the court, enter into the councils of princes, inspire their ministers, form leagues, plan conspiracies, and light the torches of war. These are not such boobies as the first you mentioned to me. Ah! tell me, I intreat you, said the student, what post has Flagel? He presides over the inns of court, and is the life of the bar, replied the devil: it is he who makes out the attornies' and bailiffs' writs: he inspires the pleaders, possesseth the council, and attends the judges.

BUT my function is different from all these: I make ridiculous matches, and marry old greybeards to raw girls under age, masters to their maids, virgins of low fortunes to lovers that have none. It is I that have introduced into the world luxury, debauchery, games of chance, and chymistry. I am the inventor of cauroufals, dancing, musick, plays, and all the new French fashions. In a word, my name is Asmodeus, alias The Devil upon Two Sticks.

AH! cried Don Cleofas, you are then the cele-

brated Asmodeus, of whom so honourable mention is made by Agrippa and the Clavicula Salamonis? Really you have not told me all your qualifications: you have forgotten the best of them. I know that you sometimes divert yourself with assuaging the pains of unhappy lovers; by the same token, it was by your assistance that a young gentleman, a friend of mine, crept into the good graces of a doctor of the university of Alcalá's lady. It is true, said the spirit; I reserved that till the last: I am the dæmon of luxury, or to speak more honourably of myself, the god Cupid: for the poets have bestowed that fine name on me, and indeed painted me in very advantageous colours; they describe me with gilded wings, a fillet bound over my eyes, a bow in my hand, a quiver of arrows on my shoulders, and a charming beautiful face. You shall immediately see how far all this is true, if you will only set me free.

SIGNIOR Asmodeus, replied Don Cleofas, you know that I have long been your sincere devotee; of the truth of which the dangers I just now run are sufficient evidences. I should be proud of an opportunity of serving you; but the vessel in which you are hidden is undoubtedly enchanted, and all my endeavours to unstop or break it will be vain; wherefore I cannot very well tell which way to deliver you out of prison: I am not much used to exploits of this kind, and, betwixt you and I, if such a subtle devil as you cannot make your way out, how can a wretched mortal like me effect it? It is in your power to effect it, answered the dæmon: the phial in which I am inclosed is barely a plain glass bottle, which is very easy to break; you need only dash it against the ground, and I shall immediately

appear in human shape. If that is the case, said the student, it is easier than I imagined; tell me then in which phial you are, for I see so many like one another, that I cannot distinguish them. It is the fourth from the window, replied the spirit, though the cork be sealed with a magical seal, yet the bottle will easily break.

I AM satisfied, said Don Cleofas, and am now ready to do what you desire of me; there is now only one small difficulty which deters me: when I have done you this service, will you not make me pay for the broken phial? No evil shall befall you, answered the daemon; but on the contrary, you will be pleased with my acquaintance. I will teach you whatever you are desirous to know, inform you of all things which happen in the world, and discover to you all the foibles of mankind; I will be your tutelar daemon, you shall find me much more familiar than that of Socrates, and I will make you far surpass that philosopher in wisdom: in short, I will bestow myself on you, with my good and bad qualities; the latter of which shall not be less serviceable to you than the former.

THESE are fine promises, replied the scholar, but you gentlemen devils are accused of not being very religious observers of what you promise to men. It is a groundless charge, replied Asmodeus; some of my brethren indeed make no scruple of breaking their word, but I (not to mention the service you are going to do me, which I can never sufficiently repay) am a slave to mine; and I swear by every thing that can make an oath binding, that I will not deceive you. Depend upon my assurances. And what ought still to be more agreeable to you, I promise you, that you shall revenge yourself on Donna

Thomasa, that perfidious lady, who had concealed these four ruffians to surprize and force you to marry her.

YOUNG Zambullo, charmed above all with this last declaration, to hasten its accomplishment, immediately took the phial, and without concerning himself what might be the event of it, he threw it hard against the floor. It broke into a thousand pieces, and overflowed the ground with a blackish liquor, which by little and little evaporated, and converted itself into a thick smoke; which dissipating all at once, the amazed student beheld the figure of a man in a cloak, about two feet and a half high, resting on two sticks. This diminutive lame monster had the legs of a goat, a long visage, sharp chin, a yellow and black complexion, and a very flat nose; his eyes, which seemed very little, resembled two burning coals; his mouth was extremely wide, above which were two wretched red whiskers, edged with a pair of unparalleled lips.

THIS sweet little Cupid's head was wrapt up in a sort of red turban of red crape, set off with a plume of cock's and peacock's feathers. About his neck he wore a kind of scarf, on which were drawn several models of necklaces and ear-rings. He was dressed in a short white sattin coat, and girt about with a girdle of white parchment, marked with talismanical characters. On this coat were painted various patterns of women's stays, all contrived to set off the neck and bosom to advantage, scarves, party-coloured aprons, new-fashioned head dresses of various sorts, every one more extraordinary than another.

BUT all these were nothing compared with his cloak, the ground of which was also of white sattin:

on it, with Indian ink, were drawn an infinite number of figures, with so much freedom and such masterly strokes, that it was natural to think the devil had a hand in it: on one side appeared a Spanish lady covered with her veil, teasing a stranger as they were walking: and on the other a French one practising new airs in her glass, in order to try them at a young patched and painted abbot, who appeared at her chamber door. Here a parcel of Italian cavaliers were singing and playing on the guitar under their mistresses balconies; and there a company of Germans all in confusion and open breasted, more intoxicated with wine and begrimed with snuff than your conceited French fops, surrounding a table overflowed with the filthy remains of their debauch: in one place was a great Mahometan lord coming out of the bath, and attended by all the women of his seraglio, officiously crouding to tender him their service: in another, an English gentleman, who with excessive politeness, and all the airs of a gallant, was presenting to his mistress a pot of beer and a pipe of tobacco.

THERE the gamesters were also wonderfully well represented; some of them animated by a sprightly joy, heaping up pieces of gold and silver in their hats; and others, broken and reduced to play upon honour, casting up their sacrilegious eyes to heaven, and gnawing their cards with despair. In a word, there were as many curious things to be seen on it, as on the admirable buckler of the son of Peleus, which exhausted all Vulcan's art; with this difference betwixt the performance of the two cripples, that the figures on the buckler had no relation to the exploits of Achilles, but on the contrary, those on

the cloak were so many lively images of all that passes in the world by his instigation.



CH. A. P. II.

Continuation of Asmodeus's deliverance.

THE dæmon easily perceiving that the sight of him did not very agreeably prepossess the student in his favour, smiling said, Well, Signior Don Cleofas Leandro Perez Zambullo, you see the charming god of love, the sovereign master of hearts. What do you think of my beauty and air: Do you not take the poets for excellent painters? Why really, answered Cleofas, they do flatter a little. You did not, I suppose, appear in this form to Psyche? Doubtless no, replied Asmodeus; I borrowed the appearance of a little French marquis, to make her doat on me: vice must always put on an agreeable outside, otherwise it would not take. I assume whatever shape I will, and could have shewed myself to you in a finer imaginary body; but designing, without any disguise, to lay myself open to you, I was willing that you should see me in a form best suited to the opinion which the world entertains of me and my functions.

I do not at all wonder, said the student, that you are somewhat ugly; pardon, if you please the harshness of the term, the conversation which we have had together may admit of some freedom. Your features are very well proportioned to the idea I formed of you; but pray inform me how you came to be lame.

IT happened to me in France, answered the devil, in a fray I had with Pillardoc, the devil of usury, about one Manceau, a man of business, and one of the farmers of the revenues: he being very rich, we as warmly contested who should have the possession of him, and fought it out in the middle region of the air, from whence Pillardoc (being stronger than I) threw me down to the earth, as the poets tell ye Jupiter did Vulcan; and so from the resemblance of our adventures, my comrades called me the *Lame Devil*, or the *Devil upon two Sticks*; and that nick-name, which they gave me in raillery, has stuck by me ever since: but though a cripple, I can yet go pretty nimbly; you shall presently have a proof of my agility.

BUT, adds he, let us end this discourse, and make haste out of the garret. It will not be long before the magician comes up to settle the affairs of a beautiful sylph which nightly visits him; and if he should surprize us, he would not fail to commit me to the bottle from whence I came, and confine you to the same. Let us therefore, in the first place, throw the bits of broken glass out of the window, that the enchanter may not discover my escape.

IF he should find it out after our departure, said Cleofas, what would then be the consequence? What would be the consequence! answered the daemon; I find you have not read the treatise concerning compulsions. Alas! were I concealed at the farthest part of the globe, or hidden in the region where the fiery salamanders dwell; should I descend to the shades below, or the bottom of the deepest sea, I should not be secured from his resentment. His conjurations are so powerful, that all hell trembles at them. In short, I cannot resist his arbitrary

commands, but shall be forced, much against my will, to appear before him, and submit to whatever punishment he pleases to inflict on me.

IF that is the case, replied the student, I very much fear that our friendship will be of no long duration; this tremendous magician will soon discover your flight. I do not know that, replied the spirit, for we cannot tell what may happen. What, said Leandro Perez, are you not acquainted with futurity? No indeed, replied the devil, we know nothing of that matter; but those who depend upon our assistance are fine bubbles; and indeed to this opinion are to be ascribed all the fooleries which are imposed on ladies of quality by fortune-tellers of both sexes, when they consult them on future events. We only know the past and the present. I do not know therefore whether the enchanter will soon discover my absence, but hope not; for here being several phials very like that in which I was enclosed, he may perhaps not miss a single one. I am much in the same condition in his laboratory, as a law book is in the library of a man of business; he never thinks of me, and when he doth, he never doth me the honour of conversing with me. He is the most insolent of all the necromancers I know; for during the whole time that I was his prisoner, he never vouchsafed so much as once to speak to me.

WHAT sort of a fellow is this? replied Don Cleofas; or what have you done to draw down his hatred upon you? I thwarted him in one of his designs, replied Asmodeus: there was a place in an academy void, which he proposed to obtain for a friend of his, but I was resolved it should be given to another. The magician prepared a Talisman,

composed of the most powerful Cabalistical characters; but I placed my man in the service of a great minister, and his name accordingly carried it from the Talisman.

AFTER this, the dæmon gathered up all the pieces of the broken phial, and after having thrown them out of the window, come then, said he to the student, let us make the best of our way; take hold of the skirts of my cloak, and fear nothing. However dangerous the offer appeared to Don Cleofas, he yet chose rather to accept it, than expose himself to the resentment of the magician; wherefore he took as good hold as he could of the dæmon, who winged him off in an instant.

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### C H A P. III.

*Whither the devil carried Don Cleofas, and what scenes he first presented to his view.*

**A**S MODEUS did not boast of his agility without reason; he cleft the air with as much rapidity as an arrow from a bow, and perched on the pinnacle of St. Salvador's steeple. When he had fixed himself there, he said to his companion, well, Signior Leandro, when men are in a very uneasy, hobbling coach, and cry out, This is a coach for the devil! do you now think they do us justice? I think nothing can be more unreasonable, answered Don Cleofas politely, and am ready to affirm upon experience, that the devil's is not only easier than a chair, but also so expeditious, that one cannot be tired on the road.



VERY well, reply'd the dæmon; but you do not know why I brought you hither. I intend from this high place to shew you whatever now passes in Madrid. By my diabolical power I will heave up the roofs of the houses, and, notwithstanding the darkness of the night, clearly expose to your view whatever is now under them. At these words he only stretched out his right hand, and in an instant all the roofs of the houses seem'd remov'd; and the student saw the insides of them as plainly as if it had been noon day; as plainly, says \* Louis Veléz de Guevera, as you see what is in a pye when the upper-crust is taken off.

THIS view was too surprising not to employ all his attention; his eyes run thro' all parts of the city, and the variety which surrounded him was sufficient to engage his curiosity for a long time. Signior Don Cleofas, said the dæmon, this confusion of objects, which you survey with so much pleasure, affords really a very charming prospect; but in order to furnish you with a perfect knowledge of human life, it is necessary to explain to you what all those people, which you see, are doing. I will disclose to you the springs of their actions, and their most secret thoughts.

WHERE shall we begin? Let us observe first of all, in the house on the right hand, that old man counting his gold and silver; he is a rich, covetous, citizen. His coach, which he had for almost nothing, at an auction of an Alcalde of the court, is drawn by two poor lean mules that are in the stable, and which he feeds according to the laws of the twelve tables, that is, each with a pound of oats a day. He uses them as the Romans did their slaves. It is a

\* The author of the Devil on Two Sticks in Spanish.

about two years since he return'd from the Indies, loaded with a vast quantity of bars of gold, which he turned into ready money. Observe with what an eye of pleasure this fool-surveys his riches. He is never satisfy'd with looking at them. But at the same time see what is going forward in the chamber adjoining. Do you not see two young fellows with an old woman? Yes I do, answered Cleofas, I suppose they are his children. No, replied the devil; they are his nephews and heirs, who, being impatient to divide his spoils, are consulting that old hag of a fortune-teller to inform them how soon he will die.

IN the next house I perceive two pretty odd figures. One is a superannuated coquet going to bed, after leaving her hair, eyebrows, and teeth on her toilet. The other is an amorous dotard of sixty, just come from making love. He has already laid down his eye, false whiskers, and peruke, which hid his bald pate, and waits for his servant to take off his wooden arm, and leg, to go to bed with the rest.

IF I may trust my eyes, said Zambullo, in yonder house I see a beautiful, tall, young lady, that would make a fine picture: what a graceful air she has! Very well, replied the cripple; that beautiful young creature, you are so charmed with, is elder sister to the gallant that is going to bed. One may say she is a counter-part of that old coquet who lodges with her. That graceful stature you so much admire is a machine, in the adjusting of which all the art of the ablest mechanics has been exhausted: her breasts and her hips are artificial, and not long since she dropp'd her rump at church, in the midst of the sermon. Yet, as she gives herself a girlish air, she

has two young gentlemen that strive to be in her good graces: nay, they have even fought a duel for her. The fools! methinks I see two dogs fighting for a bare bone.

COME and laugh with me at the concert begun after a family-supper, in a citizen's house hard by there. They are singing cantatas; an old counsellor compos'd the music, and the words are a bailiff's, who sets up for making love, a coxcomb that makes verses for his own diversion, and the plague of his neighbours. The symphony consists of a bagpipe and a spinnet: a great lath-backed fellow from the choir of one of the cathedrals sings the treble, and a young girl with a very hoarse voice the bass. Very pleasant indeed! cried Don Cleofas laughing; had they intended to have made a jest of all music, they could not have succeeded better.

TURN your eyes towards that magnificent palace, pursued the devil, you will there see a great lord laid in a splendid apartment, with a casket full of billet-doux, which he is reading to lull him asleep more voluptuously. They come from a lady whom he adores, and who puts him to such an expence, that he will soon be reduced to solicit for a vice-royalty to support himself.

BUT if every thing in this great house is hushed in repose, the case is not the same in this other on our left hand. Do not you distinguish a lady in a red damask bed? It is a woman of quality, Donna Fabula, who has just sent for a midwife, and is going to compliment her old husband Don Torribio, whom you see by her, with an heir. Are you not delighted with that gentleman's good nature? The cries of his dear wife pierce his soul: he is penetrated with grief, and suffers as much as she.



With what care and earnestness does he strive to help her! Really, said Leandro, the man seems in a great deal of agitation; but I discern another who seems to sleep very sound in the same house, without being concerned at the success of the affair. And yet he should have some concern, replied the cripple, for he is a valet in the family, and is the first cause of all the pains his lady suffers.

CARRY your eye a little farther, continued he, and observe that hypocrite in a low room rubbing himself with coach-wheel grease, in order to go to a meeting of forcerers this night, in a place between St. Sebastian's and Fontarabia. I would carry you thither this minute to oblige you with so pleasant a diversion, if I was not afraid of being known by the devil who personates the goat there.

THAT devil and you then, said the student, are not very good friends. No, I think not indeed, answered Asmodeus: why, it is the very same Pillardoc I was mentioning just now. The rascal would most certainly betray me, and inform our magician of my flight. You have besides perhaps had some squabble with this same Pillardoc? I have so, replied the daemon: about two years ago we had a fresh dispute about a gentleman's son at Paris, who had some thoughts of settling in the world. We both pretended to the disposal of him. He would have made him a factor, and I would fain have had him a beau, and made his fortune among the women; but our comrades, to end the dispute made a rascally monk of him. They then reconciled us, and we embraced—and from that time became mortal foes.

LET us leave these forcerers, said Don Cleofas, for I have no manner of inclination to make one with them; but let us rather pursue our examination of



what offers before us. Pray tell me, what mean those sparks of fire issuing out of that cellar? It is, replied the devil, one of the most foolish amongst all the works of men. The grave personage you see in that cellar, at the flaming furnace, is an alchymist, whose rich patrimony the fire will consume by degrees, and he will never find what he spends it in search of. For, between you and I, the philosopher's stone is nothing else than a chimerical bubble, that I myself invented, to divert myself with human understanding, which would pass the bounds prescribed to it.

THIS alchymist's neighbour is an honest apothecary, who is not yet gone to bed. You see him at work in his shop with his decrepid wife and apprentice. Do you know what they are doing? The master is preparing a prolific pill for an old barrister that is to be married to-morrow; the boy is making a laxative decoction, and the woman beating astringent drugs in a mortar.

IN the house over against the apothecary's, said Zambullo, I see a man getting out of bed and dressing in a great hurry. 'Adso, answered the spirit, it is a physician rising upon a very pressing occasion. He is sent for to a fat bishop, who coughed twice or thrice after he was gone to bed.

TURN your eyes a little farther to the right, and try, whether, by the dull lamp in that garret, you can distinguish a man stalking in his shirt. Yes, yes, I am right, cried the student, by the same token that I would venture to draw you up an inventory of the furniture in it. There is nothing but a wretched sorry bed, a stool, something that resembles a table, and the dirty walls all over as black as soot. This same personage, replied Asmodeus, is

a poet; and what seems black to you, are tragic verses of his own composition, with which he has hung his chamber; for the want of paper forces him to write his poems on the walls.

By the hurry, and busy air of his gait, said Don Cleofas, I should conclude that he was composing some piece of very great importance. You are not mistaken in your conjecture, said the cripple; he yesterday gave the finishing stroke to a tragedy, intitled, the Universal Deluge. He cannot be reproached with neglecting the unity of the place, since all the scenes are laid in Noah's ark.

I ASSURE you it is an excellent piece, for all the beasts are there introduced talking as learnedly as so many doctors. He intends to dedicate it, and has already spent six hours in working up the epistle dedicatory, and is at this moment gotten to the last line. It may justly be called a master-piece; for not one of the moral or political virtues, not one of the topics of praise that can possibly be bestowed on a man whose ancestors, or his own merit, has rendered illustrious, are spared: never was author so prodigally lavish of his flatteries. To whom does he design to address so magnificent an eulogy? replied the student. He knows nothing of that yet, answered the devil, he has left a blank for the name, and is in quest of some noble lord, more generous than the patrons to whom he has dedicated his former works. But people that pay for dedications are very scarce now-a-days. Men of quality have mended that fault, and thereby done an infinite service to the public, which before was continually pestered with wretched performances; the greatest part of the books being formerly written for the lucre of their dedications.

Now as you are upon the subject of dedications, added the dæmon, I must give you a very extraordinary circumstance: a lady at court, having allowed an author to dedicate his works to her, resolved to see the dedication before it was printed; and, not thinking it came up to her perfections, took the pains to write one of her own, and send it to the author to place it before his works.

I THINK, cried Leandro, I see thieves breaking into a house over a balcony. You are not mistaken, said Asmodeus, they are house-breakers getting into a banker's. Let us watch them, and see what they will do. They are examining the counting-house, and rummaging every where. But the banker has been before-hand with them, he yesterday made the best of his way to Holland, with the money he had.

SURE, said Zambullo, that is another thief on a silk ladder getting into a balcony. No; he is not what you take him to be, answered the cripple. It is a marquis scaling the chamber of a virgin, who is very willing to be rid of that name. He made her some slight promises of marriage, and she, not in the least distrusting his oaths, has yielded; and no wonder, for on love's exchange, your marquisses are merchants of very great reputation.

I SHOULD be glad to know, said the student, what that man in the night gown and cap is doing. He is writing very hard, and all the while his hand is guided by a little black figure that stands at his elbow. The man who is writing, answered the devil, is an attorney, who, to oblige a guardian, who will return the favour, is altering a decree pronounced in favour of his pupil, and the little black figure that guides his hand is Griffael, to whose charge



are committed all attornies. But this Griffael, replied Don Cleofas, I suppose, supplies this place only as a deputy; since Flagel being the spirit of the bar, the registers seem directly subject to his direction. No, replied Asmodeus; the attornies were thought a body considerable enough to have a devil of their own; and I assure you he has more upon his hands than he can compass.

OBSERVE, says Asmodeus, in that merchant's house next the attorney's, a young lady on the first floor; she is a widow, and the man you see with her is her uncle, who lives on the second. The bashfulness of that young widow deserves your admiration: she scruples receiving her shift before her uncle, but retires into her closet to have it put on by her gallant, whom she has concealed there.

WITH the attorney lives a relation of his, a fat jolly graduate, who for joking has not his fellow in the world. Volumnius, so cried up by Cicero for his smart, witty repartees, did not rally so agreeably. This batchelor, called at Madrid the Graduate Donoso by way of excellence, is courted by all the court and city that make entertainments. Every one strives who shall have him; he has a particular knack of making the guests merry, and is the very soul and delight of an entertainment; so that he every day dines at some considerable man's table, and never returns till two in the morning. He is now at the Marquis of Alcaniza's, which happened purely by chance. How, by chance? interrupted Leandro. I will explain myself, answered the devil. About noon to-day there were five or six coaches at the graduate's door from different noblemen that all sent for him. He ordered their pages to be sent up to him, and taking a pack of



cards, told them, that since he could not oblige all their masters, and was resolved not to give any preference, those cards should decide the matter, and that he would dine with the king of spades.

WHAT can that man mean, said Don Cleofas, who is sitting upon the threshold of a door? Does he wait for the chambermaid's letting him in? No, no, answered Asmodeus; he is a young Castilian that is practising your sublime love in form. He has a mind, out of a pure spirit of gallantry, in imitation of lovers of former days, to pass the night at his mistress's door. Every now and then he thrums upon a miserable guitar, accompanying it with ditties of his own composing; but his Dulcinea, who lodges in the second story, whilst she is listening to his musick, is all the while lamenting his rival's absence.

LET us give a look into that new building divided into two parts. In the first lives the owner of it, that old gentleman who sometimes walks about the room, and sometimes drops into his easy chair: I fancy, said Zambullo, his head must be taken up with some project of importance. Who can this man be? To judge by the splendor and riches of his apartments, he must be some grandee of the highest rank. However, answered the devil, he is no more than a money scrivener, but is grown old in places of great profit. His estate is worth about four millions; but his conscience suggesting some uneasy reflections upon the manner of his acquiring it, and finding he must shortly make up his accounts in the other world, he is grown scrupulous, and is thinking of building a monastery, and flatters himself that after so good a work, his mind will be at rest. He has already obtained

leave to found a convent; but being firmly resolved not to place any monks in it, in whom the virtues of chastity, sobriety, and humility do not eminently shine, he is very much puzzled in the choice.

IN the other part of this building dwells a fair lady, who, after bathing in milk, is just steep into bed. This voluptuous creature is a widow to a knight of the order of St. Jago, whose empty title was all the riches he left her. But, by good fortune, two counsellors of the council of Castile are her gallants, who equally contribute to the expences of her family.

ALAS! cried the student, what shrieks and lamentations do I hear! Some sad accident must have happened. I will tell you the cause of it, said the dæmon. Two young gentlemen were playing at cards in that gaming-house, where you see so many lamps and candles lighted up; they grew warm upon their game, drew their swords, and wounded each other mortally. The eldest of them is married, the youngest an only son, and they are both expiring. The wife of the one, and the father of the other, informed of the fatal accident, are just come to them, and they fill the neighbourhood with their cries. Unfortunate boy, said the father, addressing himself to his son, who was past hearing him, how often have I advised thee to leave off play? How often have I foretold thee, that it would cost thee thy life? If thou diest thus unfortunately, I here call heaven to witness, it is not my fault. As for the poor wife, she is distracted; though her husband hath by his gaming lost all the fortune she brought him, though he hath sold all her jewels, and even her very cloaths; she is inconsolable for the loss of him. She is cursing cards, which have been the

cause of it, she is cursing him that invented them, she is cursing the gaming house, and all that belong to it.

I EXTREMELY pity people who have a passion for play, said Don Cleofas, their minds are often in such a horrid situation. Thank heaven, I have nothing to answer for upon account of that vice. But you have another full as bad, replied the devil. Think you it is at all more excusable to give yourself up to common prostitutes; and was not you in danger this very night of being killed by russians? Really I admire at the folly of mankind; their own faults seem trifles to them; whereas they look at those of others through a magnifying glass.

LET me present you with some more melancholy spectacles, continued Asmodeus; observe that fat man stretched out upon a bed in the house just by the gaming-house. It is an unfortunate canon, who just now fell into an apoplexy: his nephew and niece, far from affording him any assistance, suffer him to die for want of it; and are seizing his best effects, and conveying them to a receiver of stolen goods; after which they will have time to bewail and lament their deceased uncle.

A LITTLE farther you see two men, whom they are now burying: They are two brothers, that were both sick of the same disease, but took different methods of cure; one of them relied, with an entire confidence on his physician; the other let nature take her course, yet they are both dead; the former from taking every thing the doctor ordered, and the latter because he would take nothing.

THIS is very hard, said Leandro: Alas! what must then a poor sick man do? That is more than I can tell you, replied the daemon: I know very well:



there are such things as good remedies, but I will not answer that there are as good physicians.

LET us change the scene, continued Asmodeus; I will shew you something more diverting. Do not you hear that racket in the other street? A widow of sixty has this morning married a young fellow of seventeen, upon which, all the merry fellows in that quarter are met together to celebrate the wedding, with a jangling concert of pots, frying-pans, and kettles. You told me, interrupted the student, that the making ridiculous matches was your province; yet you had no hand in this. No truly, replied the cripple; I was far from having any hand in it, for I was confined; but had I been at liberty, I would not have meddled in it. This widow had a scrupulous conscience, and only married to enjoy her darling pleasures without remorse. I never make such marriages: I have a much greater pleasure in troubling consciences, than in setting them at rest.

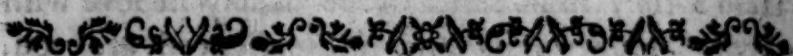
NOTWITHSTANDING the noise of this burlesque serenade, said Zambullo, I fancy I hear another noise. Yes, answered the cripple, it comes from a tavern, where a great, greasy, Dutch captain, a French chorister, and a German officer of the guards are singing a three-part song; they have been at it since eight this morning, and each of them fancies it is for the honour of his country to make the other drunk.

VIEW that house which stands by itself over against the canon's; you will see three famous Gallician women making a debauch with three great lords of the court. Ah how pretty are they, said Don Cleofas! I do not wonder that people of quality should covet their company! How they embrace



them! they must certainly be deeply in love with them. How young and unexperienced are you, said the spirit! You do not know this sort of ladies; their hearts are more painted than their faces. Whatever marks of tenderness they express, yet they have not the least grain of it for those lords. They care for the one for a protection, and the two others for settlements. It is so with all coquets, and tho' men very fairly ruin themselves for them, they are not the more loved by them; but, on the contrary, whoever pays for love, is treated like a husband: This rule I have established in all love-intrigues. But let us leave those lords to taste the pleasures they so dearly purchase, whilst their footmen, who wait for them in the street, comfort themselves in the pleasing expectations of enjoying them at free cost.

FOR God's sake, let me know the meaning of this other scene I see, interrupted Leandro Perez. Every body is still up in that great house on the left. What is the meaning that some are laughing ready to burst, and others dancing? It must be some great festival sure. It is a wedding, said the cripple, all the servants are making merry, and it is not above three days since that very palace, which you see at present the scene of so much joy, was the house of the utmost mourning. It is a story I must let you into; indeed it is somewhat long, but I hope it will entertain you. He therefore thus began.



## C H A P. IV.

*The history of the amours of the Count de Belflor,  
and of Leonora de Cespides..*

COUNT Belflor, one of the greatest lords about court, was passionately in love with a young lady, called Leonora de Cespides, but never intended to marry her: The daughter of a private gentleman did not seem to him a match of sufficient dignity, for which reason he only proposed to make her his mistress.

It was with this design that he pursued her wherever she went, and lost no opportunity of discovering his love by the extraordinary respects he paid her: But he could neither speak nor write to her, she being perpetually guarded by a severe and vigilant governante, whose name was Marcella. This drove him to despair, and feeling his desires irritated, by the difficulty of attaining them, he was continually projecting ways to deceive the Argus which guarded his Io. On the other hand, Leonora, perceiving the count's regard for her, could not help being touched with the same tenderness for him, which insensibly formed itself into such a passion in her heart, as at last grew to be extremely violent. I did not indeed increase it by common temptations, because the necromaneer, who kept me prisoner, denied me the use of all my functions; but nature, no less dangerous than myself, engaged in it, and that was enough. And indeed all the difference that there is betwixt her and me is, that na-

ture corrupts hearts by slow degrees, whilst I seduce them expeditiously.

AFFAIRS were in this situation, when Leonora and her perpetual governante, going one morning to church, met an old woman with one of the largest strings of beads that ever hypocrisy yet made: accosting them with a pleasant smiling air, she thus addressed herself to the duenna; Heavens preserve you! said she; may the peace of God ever rest upon you! Give me leave to ask whether you are not Madam Marcella, the chaste widow of the late Signior Martin Rozeta? The governante having answered, Yes: You are luckily met then, replied the old woman; and I am to acquaint you, that I have at home an old relation of mine, who wants to speak with you. He is just arrived from Flanders, was your husband's most intimate friend, and has some matters of the utmost importance to communicate to you. He had waited on you, if he had not been prevented by a fit of sickness, that has reduced him to the point of death. I live but just by, I beseech you to take the trouble of going along with me.

THE governante, who wanted not prudence and good sense, being afraid of a false step, knew not what to resolve on; but the old woman, guessing the reason of her uneasiness, said to her; Dear Madam Marcella, you may securely rely on me, my name is la Chiconia; the rector Marcus de Figueroa, and the Batchelor Mira de Mesqua will answer for me as soon as for their grandmothers. I do not desire you to come to my house for any thing but your own good. My relation is willing to restore you a sum of money, which he borrowed of your husband. The very thoughts of restitution

engaged Marcella on her side : Come girl, said she to Leonora, let us go see this good lady's relation, it is an act of charity, and recommended by the church, to visit the sick. They soon reached la Chicon's house ; and were led into a lower room, where they saw a man in bed with a grey beard, and if he was not really very sick, he at least feigned himself so. Cousin, said the old woman, presenting to him the governante, here is the lady you desired to speak with, Madam Marcella, the virtuous and chaste widow of your much-respected friend Signior Martin Rozeta. At these words the old man, lifting up his head a little, saluted the duenna, and making signs for her to come nearer the bed side, said in a feeble tone ; I thank heaven, dear Madam Marcella, for prolonging my life to this moment, which was the only thing I wished for ; I feared I should have died without the satisfaction of seeing you and repaying into your hands an hundred ducats which my intimate friend, your late husband, lent me to help me out of an honourable quarrel I was formerly engaged in at Bruges. Did he never, good madam, speak to you about such an affair ?

ALAS no, answered Madam Marcella, he never mentioned it. God rest his soul ! he was generous enough to forget the services he did his friends ; and, very unlike those boasters who brag of what they never did, he never told when he obliged any person. He certainly had a very great soul, replied the old man ; a truth which I am more firmly engaged to believe than any man else ; and to prove it to you, you must give me leave to relate the affair out of which I was so happily extricated by his assistance ; but having something to



disclose of the last importance with respect to the memory of the deceased, I should be very glad of an opportunity of revealing them to his chaste and discreet widow alone.

VERY well, said la Chicon, that you may have the better opportunity of discoursing her in private, this young lady and I will retire to my closet. At these words she left the governante with the sick man, and conducted Leonora into another chamber, where without any circumlocution she said, Fair Leonora, the moments are too precious to be lost without employing them as they should be; you know the Count de Belflor by sight, he has long loved you, and languishing dies for an opportunity to tell you so; but the vigilance and severity of your governante have always hindered him from enjoying that satisfaction. In this despair he had recourse to me, and I have exerted my abilities in order to serve him. The old man, whom you have just now seen, is the count's young valet de chambre, and all that has been done is only a trick to deceive Marcella, and get you hither.

As she ended these words, the count, who was concealed behind the hangings, appeared, and throwing himself at Leonora's feet: Madam, said he, forgive the stratagem of a lover who could no longer live without speaking to you; if this obliging matron had not procured me this opportunity, I should have abandoned myself to despair. These words, pronounced in a most tender manner, by a person not at all disagreeable to her, highly perplexed Leonora; she continued some time doubtful what answer she ought to make; but at last recovering herself, and looking displeased at the count, said: Perhaps you believe yourself very much obliged to this

officious lady, who has so very well served your purpose; but her designs to serve you shall prove ineffectual.

AT these words she made several steps to get out of the room, but the count prevented her; Stay, said he, adorable Leonora, hear me one moment, my passion is so pure that it ought not to alarm you; I own you have some grounds to oppose the artifice which I have made use of to converse with you; but have I not till this day in vain endeavoured to speak to you? I constantly followed you to the church, the park, and the play. I have long in vain watched an opportunity of telling you how much you have charmed me; your cruel, your merciless governess has continually frustrated my designs. Alas then, instead of turning the stratagem which I have been forced to employ into a crime, commiserate, fair Leonora, my suffering all the tortures of such a tedious expectation, and judge from the consciousness of your charms what mortal agonies I must have suffered.

BELFLOR did not forget to reinforce his words with all the airs of persuasion which gallant men are used to practise with success, accompanying his words with some tears; with which Leonora began to be touched, and in despite of her resolutions, some tender compassionate emotions began to arise in her heart; but far from yielding to them, the more she perceived them to grow, the more she pressed to get away. Count, said she, all your fine speeches are to no purpose, for I will not hear you; do not detain me any longer, but let me go out of a house in which my honour is in danger, or by my cries I will call in all the neighbourhood, and expose your audaciousness to the public. This she

pronounced in such a resolute tone, that la Chicón, who was obliged to stand in awe of the magistracy, begged of the count not to push things any farther: Upon which he gave over, and pressed Leonora no more, who got out of his hands, and (what had never before happened to any virgin) quitted the closet as good a maid as she entered it.

SHE immediately flew to her governante; Come, good matron, said she, let us leave this sham conversation: we are cheated, let us get out of this dangerous house. What is the matter, child, said Marcella with astonishment, what makes you want to go in so great a hurry? I will inform you, replied Leonora; but let us fly, for every minute I stay here gives me fresh uneasiness. However earnest the duenna was to know the cause of this hasty departure, she could not then be satisfied, but was obliged to yield to the instances of Leonora. They both went away immediately, leaving la Chicón, the count, and his valet de chambre in as great confusion as a parcel of players obliged to act a piece, that has already been damned by the critics.

WHEN Leonora was gotten into the street, she began, all in a flutter, to tell her governante what had passed in la Chicón's closet. Madam Marcella listened with great attention, and when they had reached their own house, I protest, my daughter, said she, I am extremely mortified at the thoughts of what you have just informed me; how was it possible for me to be deluded by that old woman? At first I made a difficulty of following her: O that I had continued in the same opinion! I ought to have mistrusted her flattering wheedles. I have committed a folly not to be forgiven in a person of my experience. Ah why did not you



tell me of it, whilst I was at la Chicona's house! I would have scratched out her eyes, called the Count de Belflor by all the names I could have thought on, and tore off the beard of the counterfeit old man, who told me so many lies. However, I will immediately return with the money which I received as a real restitution of what I supposed my husband had lent, and if I find them together they shall not lose by staying for me. So saying, she put on her veil, which she had laid by, and made the best of her way to la Chicona's house.

THE count was yet there, in despair for the bad success of his enterprize. Another would have quitted the pursuit; but he was not quite discouraged: for, with a thousand good qualities, he had one very bad one, which was the suffering himself to be too much hurried on by his amorous inclinations. Whenever he loved a lady, he was too warm in the pursuit of her favours, and though naturally an honest man, he made no scruple of violating the most sacred laws to accomplish his ends. He was sensible he could do nothing in this affair without the assistance of Madam Marcella, and resolved to leave no means unattempted to engage her in his interest. He concluded that this duenna, how severe soever she appeared, was not proof against a considerable present; and indeed his opinion was not unjust, for if there are any such things as trusty governantes, the only reason is that the gallants are not rich enough to make sufficient presents.

MADAM Marcella was no sooner arrived, but finding those she wished for there, she opened in a very outrageous manner, loading the count and la Chicona with a million of hard names, and made



the restitution-sum fly at the head of the valet de chambre. The count attempted to appease this storm with patience, and falling on his knees before her, to make the scene more moving, he pressed her to take the purse again, and offered her a thousand pistoles besides, conjuring her to have pity on him. As her compassion had never been so powerfully solicited, so she did not prove inexorable. She left off scolding, and comparing the offered sum with the mean recompence she expected from Don Lewis, she easily found that it was more for her interest to draw Leonora from her duty, than to preserve her in it; which engaged her, after a few complimentary refusals, to take up the purse again, accept the offer of the thousand pistoles, promise to be subservient to the count's passion, and immediately prepare to fulfil her promise.

As she knew Leonora to be a virtuous young lady, she very carefully avoided giving her the least suspicion of her correspondence with the count, for fear she should discover it to Don Lewis, her father; and being resolved on more subtle measures to ruin her, she thus addressed herself at her return: Leonora, I have just now satisfied my enraged mind, I found the three villainous deceivers confounded at your courageous retreat. I threatened la Chicona with your father's resentment, and the most rigorous severity of the law; I called the Count de Belflor all the ill names which rage could suggest, and hope that lord will no more be guilty of any such attempts, and that his intrigues will no more exercise my vigilance. Heavens be praised, that your virtue has got the better of the snare laid for you. I weep for joy, I am ravished

to think he has not been able to gain any advantage over you by this stratagem; for great lords make it their diversion to seduce young women. Most of those who value themselves on preserving the strictest degree of probity are not scrupulous on this head, as though the dishonouring of families was no dishonest or disgraceful action. I do not absolutely say that the count is a man of this character, nor that he aims at deceiving you; we must not always judge ill of our neighbours, perhaps his intentions are honourable: though his quality entitles him to the best match in the kingdom, your beauty may yet have made him resolve to marry you: I remember also in the answers he made to my reproaches, he hinted it to me.

WHAT do you say, good governante? interrupted Leonora; if he had intended any such thing he would before now have asked me of my father, who would never have denied a man of his quality. What you say is very just, replied the duenna, I am of your mind; the course the count took is suspicious, or rather his intentions were ill; I am almost in the mind to return to him, and scold at him afresh. No, good Madam, replied Leonora, it is better to forget what is past, and shew our resentment by contempt. It is true, said Marcella, I think that is the best way; you are wiser than I. But on the other side, let us not judge amiss of the count's sentiments: How do we know but he took that course, as the most refined way of discovering his passion? Before obtaining your father's consent, perhaps he was fond of obtaining your favour, and securing your heart by long services, that your union might thereby be rendered more charming. If that be the case, my daughter, would it

be a great crime to listen to him? Unbosom yourself, you know my tender affection for you; are you sensible of any alteration in favour of the count? Or would you, if it was put to you, refuse to marry him?

THIS artful question had its effect upon young Leonora, whose heart was open, and suspected nothing, blushing owned that she had no aversion for him; but modesty preventing her farther discovering herself, the duenna pressed her afresh to hide nothing from her: she, overpowered by the gover-nante's tender professions, went on: Good Marcella, said she, since you would have me talk to you as my confident, know that I think Belflor deserves to be loved: I liked his mien so well, and withal have heard such an advantageous character of him, that I could not help being sensibly moved with his addresses. The indefatigable care which you always took to oppose them hath frequently given me great uneasiness, and I own that I have silently deplored, and in some measure repaid with my tears, the pains your vigilance has forced him to bear. I will farther own to you at this very moment, that instead of hating him after this rash attempt, my heart, against my will, excuses him, and throws the fault on your severity.

MY dear child, said Marcella, since I find his addresses are not disagreeable to you, I warrant you I will manage him. I am very sensible, answered Leonora, in a more moving tone, of the service you are willing to render me: If the count was not one of the grandees of the first rank at court, was he only a bare gentleman, I should prefer him to all men; but let us not flatter ourselves, Belflor is a great lord, and doubtless is designed for one of the



greatest matches in the kingdom. Do not let us expect that he will ever descend to Don Lewis's daughter, who has but a mean fortune to offer him: No, no, adds she, he has no such favourable thought of me; he does not think me worth bearing his name, and pursues me only to make me miserable.

AH wherefore, said the governante, will you think he does not love you well enough to marry you? Love daily works greater wonders than that. You seem to imagine that heaven hath set an infinite distance betwixt the count and you; do yourself more justice, Leonora; it would not be below him to join his fortune to yours; you are of an ancient noble family, and he need not blush at such an alliance. Since you have some inclinations towards him, continued she, I must talk with him: I will examine his intentions, and if I find them such as they ought to be, I will encourage them with some hopes. Oh take care how you do that, cried Leonora; I am quite against your going in search of him; if he should suspect my having any hand in it, he would cease to value me. Oh I am a woman of more address than you imagine, replied Marcella; I will begin with accusing him of a design to seduce you, upon which he will not fail to justify himself; I will hear him, and shall see the event. In short, my daughter, leave it to me, I will be as tender of your honour as I would of my own.

THE duenna went out in the dark of the evening, and found Belflor near Don Lewis's house, and gave him an account of her discourse with her mistress, not forgetting to value herself on her conduct in the discovery of the lady's passion for him.



Nothing could oblige the count more than this news, wherefore he expressed his thanks to Marcella in the most sensible manner; that is, he promised to give her the thousand pistoles on the next day, assuring himself of the success of his enterprize; very well knowing, that a woman prepossessed is half seduced. They then parted very well satisfied with one another, the duenna returning home.

LEONORA, who impatiently expected her, asked what news she had brought: The best that you could ever hear, answered the governante, all things succeeded the best in the world. I have seen the count, and can assure you his intentions are not ill; he has no other design but that of marrying you. This he swore to me by every thing that is sacred. You may perhaps imagine that I yielded to him upon this, but I assure you I did not. If you are thus resolved, said I, why do not you speak to her father? Ah, dear Marcella, answered he, without appearing disturbed at this question, could you think it proper for me to obtain her father's good will, before I was assured how she stood inclined towards me; and, considering nothing but the transports of a blind passion, endeavour tyrannically to obtain her of her father? No; her repose is dearer to me than my own desires, and I am too much a man of honour to be the occasion of her perpetual unhappiness.

As he spoke thus, continued the duenna, I observed him with the utmost attention, and employed all my experience in discovering by his eyes whether his love was so sincere as he pretended. What shall I say? He seemed touched with a real passion, and I with a joy, which without much difficulty I could not conceal. Being then satisfied

with his sincerity, I thought it not improper to glance at your sentiments with regard to him, in order to secure you such a considerable lover. My lord, said I to him, Leonora hath no aversion to you; and, as far as I can judge, your addresses are not disagreeable to her. O heavens, exclaimed he then all in a rapture, what do I hear! Is it possible that the charming Leonora should entertain any favourable sentiments of me? How much am I indebted to you, most obliging Marcella, for having rid me of such a tedious uncertainty: You who by a continual opposition have loaded me with so many torments. But, dear Marcella, compleat my happiness, by obliging me with an opportunity of speaking with the amiable Leonora; I solemnly promise and swear before you, that I will never be any other's but hers.

To this, continued the governante, he added yet more passionate asseverations; in short, daughter, he intreated me in such a pressing manner to procure him a private opportunity of speaking to you, that I could not avoid promising to accomplish it. Ah, why did you promise him that? cried Leonora somewhat disturbed. With how much care have you insulcated this doctrine into me, that a prudent virgin ought industriously to shun all dangerous conversations? I have done so, replied the duenna, and it is a very good maxim; but you may lawfully dispense with it on this occasion, since you may look on the count as your husband. He is not so yet, replied Leonora, and I ought not to see him before my father gives his consent.

MARCELLA now began to repent her having brought up Leonora so strictly, since she found it so difficult to subdue her virtue. But yet resolving to

compass her end, cost what it would, My dear Leonora, said she, I applaud myself when I see you so reserved. Oh happy fruit of my cares! You have profited by all the rules I have given you. I am charmed with my own work! But, my child, you exaggerate what I have taught, you strain my morals too severely, and your virtue is indeed a little too rigid. Tho' I am fond of a strict severity, yet I cannot approve of a brutish ill-mannered caution, indistinguishably and indifferently levelled against guilt and innocence. A virgin doth not abandon her virtue, by hearkening to a lover, of the purity of whose desires she is satisfied; in which case it is no more criminal to answer his passion, than it is to be sensible of it. Depend upon me, Leonora, I have too much experience, and am too deeply engaged in your interests, to draw you into any step which might be attended with bad consequence.

BUT in what place, says Leonora, do you intend that I should see him? In your own apartment, replied the duenna, for that is the safest place; I will introduce him to-morrow night. Good Marcella, replied Leonora, shall I then admit a man—Yes, there is nothing in it, interrupted the duenna; it is no such extraordinary thing as you imagine, it is done every day, and I send up my wishes to heaven that the maidens who receive such visits may be fortified with as good intentions as yours? Besides, what have you to fear? Shall not I be with you? But if my father should surprize us! replied Leonora. Don't be uneasy about that, returned Marcella; your father is perfectly satisfied in your conduct, he knows my fidelity, and reposes an entire confidence in me. Upon this Leonora, being so violently pressed by the duenna, and inwardly prompted by



her love, was no longer able to hold out, but agreed to Marcella's proposal.

COUNT Belflor was immediately informed of it, and so joyfully received the news, that he instantly presented his female agent with five hundred pistoles, and a ring of the like value; and she accordingly, finding him such a strict observer of his word, resolved not to fail in the performance of her promise. So the night following, as soon as she imagined the family asleep, she fastened to the balcony a silken ladder which the count had given her, and by that means introduced the impatient lover into his mistress's chamber.

IN the mean time Leonora abandoned herself to a series of melancholy reflections, which very much disturbed her. Notwithstanding her inclination for the count, and whatever her governante could say, she blamed her easy consent to a visit that would violate her duty; Nor could the consciousness of the innocence of her intentions remove her scruples. To receive a man into her chamber by night, whose real sentiments she was ignorant of, and withal without her father's knowledge, seemed to her not only criminal, but also what might render her contemptible in her lover's eyes. It was this last reflection which gave her the greatest pain, and she was extremely full of it when the count entered.

HE immediately threw himself at her feet, to thank her for the favour she did him. He appeared thoroughly touched with love and acknowledgment, and assured her of his intentions to marry her; but not expressing himself so satisfactorily on that head as she expected, Count, said she, I am willing to believe that you have no other design than what you have told me; but whatever assurances



you can give me, I shall always suspect them until they are authorised by my father's consent. Madam, answered Belflor, I had long since asked that, had it not been from a tender regard to your peace and quiet. I do not blame you for not having yet done it, replied Leonora, but even approve these more refined punctilio's of your love; but nothing at present hinders you, and you must speak to my father as soon as possible, or resolve never to see me more.

AH! why never see you more, charming Leonora! replied the count. How little sensible are you of the pleasures of love! If you knew what it was to love, as well as I, you would be pleased with my discovering my pains in secret, and at least conceal them for some time from your father's knowledge. Oh how great are the charms of such a private correspondence betwixt two hearts firmly united! They may prove so to you, said Leonora, but they can be no other than torments to me. Such subtle distinctions of tenderness very ill become a virtuous young woman: Boast therefore no more of the delights of a criminal correspondence, which, if you valued me, you would not have offered; and if your intentions are really such as you would persuade me they are, you ought from the bottom of your soul to blame my hearing such offers so patiently. But alas! adds she, shedding some tears, it is to my weakness alone that this crime ought to be imputed; I have indeed deserved it, by doing what I have done for you.

My charming Leonora, cried the count, you wrong me greatly; your too scrupulous virtue takes false alarms. Why should you fear, because I have been so happy as to prevail on you to favour my love,

that I should abate in my esteem for you? How unjust is this! No, Madam, I am sensible of the full value of your favours; they can never deprive you of my esteem; I am therefore ready to do what you expect of me, and will speak to Signior Don Lewis to-morrow. I will do every thing in my power to obtain his consent to my happiness; but I must at the same time tell you, that I see but small hopes of success. How! replied Leonora extremely surprized, can my father possibly refuse his consent to a man of your character and quality at court? It is that very quality and character which makes me fear a denial, cried Belflor. You are surprized at what I say; but you will cease to be so when I have explained the matter to you.

SOME days ago the king declared he was resolved to have me married. He hath not yet named the lady he designs me for, but has only given me to understand that she is one of the best matches at court, and that he is firmly bent upon it. Not knowing at that time what sentiments you might have with regard to me, (for you very well know that your rigorous severity never before allowed me an opportunity of discovering myself) I did not shew any averfeness to obey his will. After this, judge, Madam, whether Don Lewis would run the risque of incurring the king's displeasure, in accepting me for his son-in-law.

No, doubtless, said Leonora; I know my father, how great soever the advantages of your alliance might prove, would chuse rather to renounce it, than expose himself to the king's displeasure. But if my father should not oppose our union, we should not yet be the happier; for in short, count, how can you give me a hand which the king has given to a

nother? Madam, answered Belflor, I own sincerely that I at present labour under a very great difficulty on that head; but yet hope, that by an even and very prudent conduct with regard to his majesty, I shall so well manage his favours and friendship for me, as to invent a way to avoid a misfortune with which I am so unexpectedly threatened. You yourself, charming Leonora, may assist me therein, if you think me worthy of your regard. Ah! in what manner, said she, can I contribute to the breaking off the match which the king has designed for you? Ah, Madam, replied he with a tender and passionate air, if you please to receive my plighted faith, I can preserve myself for you, without incurring the king's displeasure.

PERMIT, adorable Leonora, adds he kneeling, that I espouse you in the presence of Madam Marcella, and let her be witness of the sanctity of our engagement; by this means I shall be able to extricate myself from that miserable knot that is preparing for me: For after that, whenever the king presses me to accept the lady he designs me, I have nothing to do but prostrate myself at the feet of my prince, and inform him that I have long loved and privately married you. However desirous he may be to marry me to another, he is yet too gracious to snatch me from her whom I adore, and too just to offer this affront to your family.

WHAT think you, discreet Marcella, adds he, turning to the governante, what do you think of this project with which love has just now inspired me? I am charmed with it, said the duenna; it must indeed be owned that love is very ingenious! And you, charming Leonora, replied the count, what do you say to it? Can your heart, though arm-



ed with distrust, refuse its approbation? No, returned Leonora, provided you will let my father into the secret, who, I doubt not, will subscribe to what you will have him.

You must take care not to intrust him with such a secret, interrupted the wicked duenna: You do not know Don Lewis; he is too nice in punctilio's of honour to be assisting to secret amours: The very proposal of a private marriage will offend him. Besides, his prudence will not fail to make him afraid of the consequences of an union which seems to thwart the king's designs. By this imprudent step you will fill him with suspicions, his eyes will be continually upon you in all your actions, and he will deprive you of all opportunities of seeing one another.

AH! I shall then die with grief, cried the count. But, Madam Marcella, pursued he, affecting a melancholy tone, do you really believe that Don Lewis would reject the offer of a private marriage? I do not doubt it in the least, answered the governante; but grant that he should accept it, he is so scrupulously religious that he would never yield to the omission of any of the ceremonies of the church, and if they are all performed in your marriage, it would immediately become public.

AH, my dear Leonora, said the count, tenderly locking his mistress's hand betwixt his own, must we, to satisfy a vain notion of decorum, expose ourselves to the terrible danger of being separated for ever, since there is no occasion for any but you to dispose of yourself to me? The consent of your father would perhaps save you some uneasiness; but since Madam Marcella has shewed us the impossibility of obtaining it, yield yourself to my



innocent desires; receive my heart and hand, and when it shall be a proper time to inform Don Lewis of our engagement, we will let him know also why we concealed it. Well, count, said Leonora, I consent then that you do not so soon speak to my father; but first sound the king's mind. Before I receive your hand in private, speak to your prince, tell him you have privately married me; let us endeavour by this false confidence—Oh no, Madam, replied Belflor, I must beg your pardon for that; my sentiments of honour won't permit me to do any thing that approaches near the borders of falshood and deceit. Besides, I know, the king, if he should once discover I had deceived him, would never pardon me.

I SHOULD never have done, Signior Cleofas, continued the devil, if I should repeat verbatim all the expressions which Belflor made use of to seduce this young lady. Wherefore I shall only tell you that he employed all the passionate language which I suggest to men on the like occasions: But it was in vain he swore he would as soon as possible publicly confirm the promise which he had made in secret; it was in vain he called heaven to witness his oaths, he could not triumph over Leonora's virtue; and day being ready to appear, obliged him, though unwilling, to retire.

THE next day the duenna, believing her honour, or rather her interest, engaged not to abandon her enterprize, said to Don Lewis's daughter; Leonora, I do not know what to say farther to you; I find you oppose the count's passion, as though it had no other aim but that of a bare gallantry: Doubtless you have observed something in his person that dis-

gusts you? No, good Marcella, answered Leonora; on the contrary, he never appeared so amiable, and his discourse discovered new charms to me. If so, replied the governante, I do not comprehend the meaning of your conduct: You are prepossessed with a violent inclination for him, and yet refuse to yield to a thing, the necessity of which has already been represented to you.

MY good Madam, replied the fair Leonora, you have more prudence and experience than I; but have you considered thoroughly the consequences which may result from a marriage contracted without my father's knowledge? Yes, my dear, I have, answered the duenna, I have reflected upon every thing that can possibly happen, and am very sorry to see you so obstinately resist the glorious settlement which fortune presents you. Have a care your obduracy does not weary and disgust your lover, and be afraid lest he should cast his eyes on the interest of his fortune, which the violence of his passion has made him neglect. Since he offers you his hand, accept it without farther deliberation. His word binds him; than which nothing is more sacred to a man of honour. Besides, I am a witness that he acknowledges you for his wife. Do not you know that such important evidence as mine is sufficient to condemn, in a court of justice, that man who should dare to perjure himself?

IT was by such language as this that the perfidious Marcella undermined the virtue of this innocent young lady, who suffering all reflections of the danger that threatened her to wear off, in all simplicity a few days after abandoned herself to the count's wicked intentions. The duenna introduced him

every night by the balcony into his mistress's apartment, and let him out before day.

ONE night having warned him to depart somewhat later than ordinary, and the morning beginning to appear, he hastily endeavoured to slide into the street, but by mischance succeeded so ill that he got a very severe fall.

DON Lewis de Cespides, whose bed-chamber was under that of his daughter, happening that morning to rise very early for the dispatch of some pressing business, heard the count's fall, and opening his window to see what was the occasion of the noise, perceived a man just risen from the ground with great difficulty, and Marcella in his daughter's balcony busy in drawing up the silken ladder, which the count had not made so good use of in his descending as in his ascent. Don Lewis rubbed his eyes, and at first took this spectacle for an illusion; but after having considered it, concluded that nothing was more real, and that the day-light, imperfect as it yet was, did but too much discover the dishonour of his family.

SHOCKED at the fatal sight, and transported by a just rage, he flew in his night-gown to Leonora's apartment, with a sword in one hand, and a taper in the other. He went in quest of her and her governante, in order to sacrifice them both to his fury. He knocked at the chamber-door, and commanded them to open it; they knew his voice, and trembling obeyed. He entered with a furious air, and presenting his naked sword to their amazed eyes; I come, said he, to wash away with her blood the infamous affront that wretch has thrown upon her father, and at the same time punish the perfidious

governante, that has betrayed the confidence I reposed in her.

THEY both fell upon their knees, and the duenna began; Signior, said she, before you wreak your vengeance upon us, vouchsafe to hear me one moment. Well, wretch, replied the old gentleman, I consent to suspend my vengeance for a moment: speak, inform me of all the circumstances of my dishonour. But why do I say all? I know them all but one, and that is the name of that rash man, who has dishonoured my family. Signior, replied Madam Marcella, it is the Count de Belflor. The Count de Belflor! said Don Lewis; where has he seen my daughter? by what means has he seduced her? conceal nothing from me. Signior, replied the governante, I will repeat the whole story to you with all the sincerity I am capable of.

SHE then, with an infinite deal of art, recited all the expressions which she had made Leonora believe the count had uttered with regard to her: She painted him in the most lively colours of a tender, scrupulous, and sincere lover. But not being able to elude the discovery of the whole truth, she was obliged to tell it; but enlarged on the reasons that prevailed with them to conceal from him the private marriage, and gave them such an acceptable turn, as appeased Don Lewis's wrath. Which she perfectly discerning, in order to compleatly soften the old man; Signior, said she, this is what you desired to know: Punish us this minute; plunge your sword in Leonora's bosom. But what do I say? Leonora is innocent; she has only followed the counsel of a woman whom you intrusted with her conduct, wherefore it is I alone who ought to suffer. It is I that introduced the count into your daughter's apartment,



and I alone have tied the knot wherewith she is bound. It is I who have winked at all irregularities in a contract that was not backed by your authority, in order to secure you a son-in-law whose interest you know is the channel through which all court favours at present pass. I had no other aim than Leonora's happiness, and the advantage your family may reap by such an advantageous alliance; and indeed nothing less than an excess of zeal to serve your house could draw me into measures, that carry with them such an appearance of treachery.

WHILE the subtle Marcella was talking thus to the old gentleman, her mistress shed no tears, but discovered such a sensible grief as he could not resist. He grew tender, his rage turned into compassion, he dropt his sword, and quitting the air of an angry father; ah my dear child! said he, with tears in his eyes, what a fatal passion is love! Alas, you are not sensible of all the reasons you have to afflict yourself. The shame alone that results from the presence of a father, who has surprized you, must unavoidably draw tears from you! besides which, you do not yet foresee all the anxieties your lover may perhaps prepare for you. And you, imprudent Marcella, to what a precipice has your indiscreet zeal for my family brought you? I acknowledge that such a considerable alliance as that of the count might dazzle your eyes, and it is that alone which pleads your excuse in my breast: But, wretch that you are, ought you not to have distrusted a lover of his high quality? The more interest and favour he can pretend to, the more you ought to have been upon your guard against him. Should he make no scruple of breaking his faith with Leonora, what course can I take? If I implore the assistance of the

laws, a person of his character would easily be able to protect himself from their severity: And I wish that, continuing just to his oaths, he may prove willing to keep his word with my daughter; for if the king, as you say, designs to oblige him to marry another lady, it is much to be feared his majesty will compel him to it by virtue of his authority.

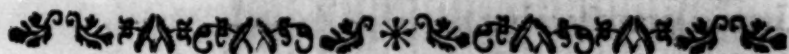
O SIR, interrupted Leonora, that ought not to alarm you; the count has very well assured us, that the king will not commit such a violence on his passion. I am certain of it, said Marcella, that his majesty is too fond of his favourite to exercise such a tyranny over him, and also that he is too generous to plunge into a fatal grief Don Lewis de Cepides, who has spent all his best days in the service of his country.

PRAY heaven it prove so, replied the old gentleman sighing, and that my fears prove vain! I will go to the count, and bring him to an explanation. A father's eyes are piercing, and I shall discover the deepest recesses of his soul. If I find him in the disposition which I wish, I will pardon what is past; but, adds he in a more resolute tone, if by his discourse I discover a perfidious heart, you shall both with tears bewail your folly in a melancholy retirement the rest of your days. At these words he put up his sword, and leaving them to the frightful thoughts he had raised in them, returned to his chamber to dress.

ASMODEUS was here interrupted by the student; however affecting the story you are telling me may be, something I have my eyes upon prevents my hearing you so attentively as I could wish. I see a very handsome woman between a young and an old man, they are all three I suppose drinking ex-

quisite liquors, and whilst the fond dotard is embracing her, the baggage slips her hand behind him, into that of a young cavalier to kiss, who to be sure is the spark. Quite the contrary, answered the cripple, it is her husband, and the other her lover. The old man is a person of consequence, a commander of the military order of Calatrava, and is ruining himself for that lady, whose husband has a small post at court; she caresses her old lover for interest, and is false to him, in favour of her husband, by inclination.

THIS is pleasant enough, replied Zambullo: But is not the husband a Frenchman? No, answered the devil, he is a Spaniard. Oh then, the good city of Madrid has within its walls good-natured husbands too? But they do not swarm here, as they do at Paris, which without dispute is the most fruitful city in the world in such inhabitants. Pardon me, Signior Asmodeus, said Don Cleofas, for breaking in upon the thread of Leonora's story. Go on with it, I beg you, for I am vastly delighted with it: There is such an artful variety in the seducing this young lady, that I am extremely edified by it. Asmodeus then continued his narration.



## C H A P. V.

*The continuation and conclusion of the amours of  
Count Belflor.*

**D**ON Lewis went out early in the morning to meet the count, who, not suspecting he was discovered, was surprized with this visit. He stept

forward to meet him at his entrance, and after a number of bows and salutations, how great is my joy, said he, to see Don Lewis de Cespides here? I hope, Sir, you come to offer me an opportunity of serving you? My lord, answered Don Lewis, order, if you please, that we be alone.

BELFLOR accordingly did do, and they both sat down, when the old man thus began: My lord, said he, my honour and repose require an explanation, which I come to ask of you: I saw you this morning come out of Leonora's apartment; she has confessed all, she has told me——She has told you that I passionately love her, interrupted the count, to avoid a discourse which he was not fond of hearing: But she has but feebly expressed all that I feel for her. I am enchanted with her; she is a lady all over adorable, she has wit, beauty, virtue, no perfection is wanting. I have been told likewise that you have a son at the university of Alcala; is he like his sister? If he hath her beauty, and resembles you in other excellencies, he must be the most accomplished cavalier in all Spain. I long prodigiously to see him, and offer you all my interest to serve him.

I AM indebted to you for that offer, said Don Lewis gravely; but to come to——We must put him into the army immediately, interrupted the count again; I charge myself with the care of his fortune; I assure you he shall not wait amongst the crowd of subaltern officers. Answer me, count, replied the old gentleman hastily, and leave off your interruption. Do you design to keep your promise——Yes, without doubt, interrupted Belflor, the third time; I will keep my word which I have given you to stand by your son with all my interest;



depend upon me, I am a sincere man. It is too much, cried Cespides, rising up, after having seduced my daughter, that you dare insult me; but know, I am a gentleman, and the injury you have done me shall not go unpunished. At these words he returned home with a heart full of resentment, contriving a hundred projects how to be revenged. As soon as he came home, he told Leonora and Marcella very angrily, it was not without ground that he suspected the count; he is a traitor on whom I will be revenged: And as for you two, you shall tomorrow be entered in a convent; you have nothing to do but prepare yourselves, and thank heaven my rage contents itself with so slight a punishment. He then went and locked himself up in his closet, to deliberate what course to take in an affair of so much delicacy.

How great was Leonora's grief when she heard Belflor was perfidious! She remained some time motionless; a mortal paleness covered her face; her spirits fled, and she fell, without signs of life, into the arms of her governante; who fearing she was dying, used all her endeavours to get her out of this fit: she succeeded, and Leonora reassuming the use of her senses, and seeing what pains Marcella was at to relieve her, How barbarous are you! said she with a deep sigh; why did you force me out of the happy state in which I was? I was not then sensible of the horror of my fatal destiny. Why did you not let me sleep the sleep of death? You who well know all the tormenting griefs which must disturb the repose of my life, wherefore did you keep me alive?

MARCELLA endeavoured to comfort her; but that only encreased her torment. All your talk is superfluous, cried Don Lewis's daughter; I will hear

nothing. Do not lose your time in attempting to abate my despair, you ought rather to raise it: You, who have plunged me into the abyſs of miſery in which I now am: It is you who vouched for the count's ſincerity; without you I had never yielded myſelf to my inclinations for him, which I ſhould inſenſibly have conquered, or however at leaſt he would never have been able to have gained the leaſt advantage over me. But I will not, continued ſhe, impute my miſfortunes to you, I accuſe nobody but myſelf. I ought not to have followed your advice in the acceptance of a man's faith, without the knowledge of my father. How dazzling ſoever the count's addreſs might appear to me, I ought to have deſpiſed rather than compliment it at the expence of my honour: In ſhort, I ought to have diſtrufteſt him, you, and myſelf. After having been ſo weak as to yield to his falſe proteſtations, after the affliction which I have brought upon Don Lewis, and the diſhonour I have done my family, I deteſt myſelf; and am ſo far from fearing the retirement with which I am threatened, that I am fond of hiding my ſhame in the moſt melancholy retreat in the world.

THESE moſt paſſionate words were not only accompanied with abundance of tears, but ſhe tore her cloaths in pieces, and revenged the injuſtice of her lover on her beautiful hair. The duenna, to ſuit herſelf to her miſtreſs's grief, did not ſpare for grimaces and diſtorted faces. She dropped ſome of thoſe tears ſhe had always at command; ſhe imprecated a thouſand curſes on the whole ſex in general, and the count in particular. It is impoſſible, exclaimed ſhe, that Belflor, who ſeemed ſo full of juſtice and probity, ſhould prove ſuch a villain as to deceive us both! I cannot extricate myſelf out

of this surprize, or rather, I cannot yet persuade myself that it is so.

REALLY, said Leonora, when I fancy him at my knees, what woman would not have trusted his tender engaging air, and depended on oaths which he so audaciously invoked heaven to witness, and those transports which he incessantly repeated? Besides, his eyes discovered more love than his mouth expressed, and the very sight of me seemed to charm him. No, he is not the man they would make me believe him to be. My father must not have talked with him so discreetly as he ought; they have both been too warm, and that has made him answer less like a lover than a great lord. But alas! perhaps I flatter myself! What shall I do to extricate myself out of this uncertainty? I will write to Belflor, and tell him that I expect him here this night: I am resolved he shall either secure my alarmed heart, or confirm his treachery.

MARCELLA approved of the design, and was not herself without hope that the count, ambitious as he was, yet touched by Leonora's tears, might fall from his resolution in this interview, and determine to marry her.

IN the mean while, Belflor, having rid himself of honest Don Lewis, continued in his apartment, reflecting on the consequences which might result from the reception he had just given him. He firmly concluded that the whole family of the Cespides, enraged at the injury done to their house, would study revenge; but that did not give him much uneasiness: The interest of his love much more employed his thoughts. He imagined that Leonora would be put into a convent, or at least that she would be kept so strictly watched, that in

all probability he should never see her more. This reflection afflicted him, and he was contriving how to escape this misfortune, when his valet de chambre brought him a letter, which Marcella had just put into his hands. It was a billet from Leonora, the contents of which were these:

“ I AM to-morrow to quit the world, and am  
“ to be buried in a convent, there to have  
“ the horror of seeing myself dishonoured, odious  
“ to my family and myself; this is the deplorable  
“ condition to which I am reduced by believing  
“ you. I expect you once more this night. In  
“ my despair I hunt after new torments: Come  
“ and own to me that your heart had no share in  
“ any of the vows you so solemnly made, or justify  
“ their sincerity by a conduct which alone can  
“ soften the rigour of my fate. Perhaps this meeting  
“ may be attended with some danger, after  
“ what has passed betwixt you and my father;  
“ take care therefore that you be accompanied by  
“ a friend. For though you have made my life  
“ wretched, I yet feel myself concerned for yours.

“ LEONORA.”

THE count perused this letter twice or thrice over, and imagining to himself Leonora in the condition which she described herself, he was much moved. He now seriously reflected on what he had done; justice, probity, and honour, all the laws which his passion had hurried him on to the violation of, began to resume their empire over him. He suddenly found his blindness dissipated, and like a man just got out of a raging fever, blushed at the extravagant words and actions which had escaped



him; he was ashamed of all the base artifices he had made use of to gratify his desires.

WRETCH that I am, cried he, what have I done? What devil possessed me? I promised to marry Leonora; I called heaven to witness it: I pretended that the king proposed a match to me: Lies, perfidy, perjury! every thing have I made use of to corrupt her innocence. How much better had it become me to have suppressed my passion, instead of satisfying it in so criminal a manner? I have seduced an innocent lady of family, and now abandon her to the resentment of a father whom I have equally dishonoured, and so return the happiness she has conferred on me with a load of miseries. Ah how barbarous is such ingratitude! Ought I not rather to repair the disgrace and infamy I have done her? Yes, I ought; and I will, by marrying her, discharge the promise I made her. Who is there can oppose so just an intention? Ought her tenderness to me to prejudice me against her virtue? No: I know how much her resistance cost me to subdue it; and she rather yielded to my sworn faith, than to my amorous transports.——But, on the other side, if I confine myself to this choice, I shall be a considerable sufferer. I, who may pretend to the noblest and richest heiresses in the kingdom, shall I content myself with a private gentleman's daughter of a very small fortune? What will the court think of me? They will say I have made a very foolish bargain.

BELFLOR, thus divided betwixt love and ambition, did not know what to determine: But tho' he was not yet resolved whether he should marry Leonora or not, yet he determined to go to her that evening.

DON Lewis, on the other side, passed the day in contriving the restoration of his honour. The conjuncture was very nice; to have recourse to the laws was to make his dishonour public; besides, he very much feared that justice might be on one side, and the judges declare on the other. He durst not throw himself at the king's feet; for believing that prince designed another lady for the count, he was afraid it would be in vain. No satisfaction was then left besides that of arms, and it was this he concluded on.

IN the first transports of his passion, he was tempted to send a challenge; but beginning to consider that he was too old and feeble to rely on his own arm, he chose rather to put it into the hands of his son, whom he looked upon as fitter for that purpose. He therefore sent a footman to Alcala, with a letter for his son; by which he commanded him to come immediately to Madrid, to revenge an injury done to the family of Cespides.

THIS son of his, whose name is Don Pedro, is eighteen years of age, perfectly handsome, and so brave, that he passes at Alcala for the most valiant of all the students in that university; but you know him, adds Asmodeus, and it is needless in me to enlarge farther on his character. It is true, said Cleofas, he has all the valour and merit which is possible to center in a young man.

HE was not then at Alcala, as his father imagined, replied Asmodeus; but the desire of seeing a lady whom he loved had brought him to Madrid. The last time he had been there to see his father, he made this conquest at the Prado. He was as yet ignorant of her name; for she had obliged him not to use any means to inform himself, to which cru-

el necessity he submitted, though with great difficulty. It was a woman of quality who had conceived a passion for him, and, believing she ought to distrust the discretion and constancy of a student, she thought fit to try him before she made herself known to him.

THIS unknown fair took up much more of his thoughts than Aristotle's philosophy; and Alcala being situate so near this city, he, as you have done, often played truant; with this only difference, that it was for the sake of an object that deserved much better than your Donna Thomasa. To conceal the knowledge of his amorous journies from his father, he used to lodge at an inn in the suburbs, where he carefully sheltered himself under a borrowed name. He never went out but at a certain hour in the morning, when he was obliged to go to a house where the lady, who occasioned this neglect of his studies, was so kind as to come, accompanied by a waiting-woman. He then lived locked up in his inn the rest of the day; but, in requital, at night he walked all over the city.

IT happened one night, as he passed through a by-alley, that he heard the sound of several voices and instruments, which seemed worth his attention; whereupon he stopped, and found it to be a serenade given by a gentleman that was drunk, and naturally very brutishly rude. He had no sooner perceived our student, but he immediately ran to him, and without any other compliment; Friend, said he, in a hasty tone, go about your business, I do not love inquisitive people. I might have withdrawn, answered Don Pedro, nettled at these words, if you had desired me in a civilier manner; but I will now stay to teach you better language. We

shall see then, said the master of the concert, drawing his sword, which of us two shall give place to the other.

DON Pedro also drew his sword, and they began to engage. Though the master of the serenade acquitted himself with great dexterity, he could not yet parry a mortal thrust, upon the receipt of which he fell dead on the spot. All the actors of the concert, who had by this time quitted their musick, and were drawing their swords to assist him, now came on to revenge his death. They all at once fell upon Don Pedro, who on this occasion shewed his utmost skill; for besides parrying with surprising dexterity all the passes made at him, he himself made very vigorous ones, and at once kept all his assailants employed.

BUT they so obstinately persisting, and their number being too great, as able a fencer as he was, he could not have escaped alive, if the Count de Belflor, who then passed by, had not engaged in his defence. The count, wanting neither courage nor a large share of generosity, could not see so many swords drawn upon one man, without engaging himself on his side. He drew, and joining with Don Pedro, they pushed so briskly at the serenaders, that they all fled, some wounded, and others for fear of being so.

AFTER they were gone, the student began to thank the count for his assistance; but Belflor interrupting him: No more of that, said he, are you not wounded? No, replied Don Pedro. Let us get from this place, replied the count, I see you have killed a man; it is dangerous to stay longer in this street; you may perhaps be seized. Upon which they both marched off as fast as they could,



and got into another street; and when they were advanced a good distance from the place where they fought, they stopped.

DON Pedro, very sensibly influenced by just and grateful sentiments, begged the count not to conceal from him the name of a gentleman to whom he was so much obliged. Belflor made no scruple of telling it, and also desired to know his. But the student unwilling to discover himself, said his name was Don Juan de Matos, and assured the count that he would always retain a grateful sense of what he had done for him.

I WOULD willingly, said the count, present you with an opportunity of discharging your obligation to me this very night. I am engaged to a meeting not wholly free from danger, and was going in search of a friend to accompany me. I am sensible of your valour, and therefore, Don Juan, I desire your friendship. Your seeming to doubt it renders me somewhat uneasy, replied the student; I do not know how to employ the life, which you have preserved, better than in exposing it for you. Let us make haste; I am ready to follow you. Belflor then conducted Don Pedro to Don Lewis's house, and they both entered by the balcony into Leonora's apartment.

DON Cleofas interrupted the devil here; Signior Asmodeus, said he, how was it possible Don Pedro should not know his father's house? That was impossible, replied the dæmon, for Don Lewis had removed from his former house, and had not been in this above eight days; which I designed to have told you, had not you interrupted me. You are too hasty, and have gotten an ill custom of break-

ing the thread of other people's discourse. Pray correct that fault for the future.

DON Pedro, continued the devil, did not so much as suspect that he was at his father's house, nor thought she who introduced him was Madam Marcella, by reason she received him in the anti-chamber without lights; where Belflor intreated his companion to stay as long as he should remain with the lady: To which the student consented, and sat down with his naked sword in his hand for fear of a surprize. His thoughts were taken up with the favours which he concluded love was showering on Belflor, and wished himself as happy as he; for though he was not ill treated by his unknown mistress, she had not yet been so complaisant to him as Leonora had been to the count.

WHILST he was making all the reflections on this adventure that could possibly occur to the mind of a passionate lover, he heard a door opening softly, which was not the one by which the count entered, and discerned a glimmering light through the key-hole. He hastily arose, made towards the door that opened, and presented the point of his naked sword to the breast of his father, for it was he who was going to Leonora's apartment, to see whether the count was not there. The good old gentleman did not believe, after what had passed, that his daughter and Marcella would again venture to admit him, which alone prevented his changing their apartment. But yet he was apt to think, that before their entrance into the convent the next day, they might be willing to take their last leave.

WHOEVER thou art, said Pedro, do not enter this room, on peril of thy life. At these words,

Don Lewis looked at his son, whose eyes were fixed on him with equal attention; so that they soon knew each other. Ah my son, cried the old gentleman, with what impatience have I expected you! Why did you not let me know you was come? Were you afraid of breaking my rest? Alas! I am incapable of any repose in the miserable condition in which I at present am. Oh my father, said Don Pedro, all in confusion, is it you that I see? Are not my eyes deceived by a false illusion? Whence proceeds this surprize? replied Don Lewis: Are you not in your father's house? Did I not acquaint you by my letter, that eight days since I removed hither? Just Heaven, replied Pedro, what do I hear? I am then in my own sister's apartment.

WHILE they were thus talking, Belflor, who had heard the noise, and supposed that his guard was attacked, came out of Leonora's chamber with his sword in his hand. The old gentleman, distracted at this sight, and shewing him to his son, cried out, This is the audacious villain who has robbed me of my quiet, and cast an indelible stain upon the honour of our family; let us then revenge ourselves, let us instantly punish the traitor. These words were no sooner out of his mouth, than he drew the sword he had under his night-gown, and began to attack the count; but Don Pedro restrained him. Stay, father, said he, I beg you to moderate the transports of your rage. What do you mean, my son? answered the old man: Why do you hold my arm? You doubtless imagine it is too weak for this encounter. Well then, take satisfaction yourself for the affront given to our family, which is the only reason why I sent for you to Madrid. If you fall, I will come into your place:

The count must perish by our hands, or take away both our lives, after having robbed us of our honour.

FATHER, replied Don Pedro, I cannot comply with what you demand of me. I am so very far from attempting the count's life, that I came hither to defend it; my word is passed for it, and my honour demands it. Let us then retire, my Lord, continued he, addressing himself to Belflor. Hah! base wretch, interrupted Don Lewis, looking on Don Pedro with a very angry air, dost thou thyself oppose the execution of a vengeance wherein all thy force ought to have been employed? My son, my own son, corresponds with the perfidious wretch that has seduced my daughter: But do not think either of you to escape my resentment; I will call up all my domesticks, who shall punish his treachery and your cowardice.

SIR, replied Don Pedro, be juster to your son, and do not call him coward, for he never deserved that hateful name. The count has saved my life this night. He proposed my going with him, whether I did not know, but on a certain appointment: I offered to share the dangers he might encounter, without ever suspecting that my gratitude would imprudently engage my arm against the honour of my family. My word then obliges me to defend his life here; and in so doing I shall discharge it: Not that I am less sensibly touched with the injury he has done our family; and to-morrow you shall see me as eager to shed his blood, as you now see me zealous to defend his life.

THE count, who had hitherto remained silent, being thoroughly struck with the amazing circumstances of this adventure, now spoke. Perhaps,



said he, addressing himself to Don Pedro, you may meet with but indifferent success, in revenging this injury by force of arms: I will offer you a surer way of re-establishing your honour. I freely own to you, that till this day I never designed to marry Leonora; but I this morning received a letter from her, wherewith I was sensibly touched; her tears have just compleated the work, and the happiness of being her husband is at present the utmost of my desires. If the king designs you for another, said Don Lewis, how will you dispense with—— The king designs me for no other, interrupted Belflor, blushing: Pray pardon that fiction in a man, whose reason was overpowered by love. It was a crime which the violence of my passion hurried me on to commit, and which I expiate by owning it.

My Lord, replied the old gentleman, after an acknowledgment so suitable to a great mind, I no longer doubt your sincerity: I am now fully convinced you design effectually to repair the injury we have received, and my anger yields to the assurances you have given me; permit me then to forget my resentment in your arms. At these words he ran to the count, who flew to prevent him: They mutually embraced several times; and Belflor turning himself to Don Pedro, And you, the counterfeit Don Juan de Matos, you have gained my esteem by an unparalleled valour and a noble mind, allow me to embrace you like an affectionate brother. At these words he embraced Don Pedro, who receiving his caresses with a submissive and respectful air, thus answered him: My Lord, in promising me such a valuable friendship, you engage mine, and I intreat that you would always

conclude me one who will continue devoted to you to the end of my life.

IN the mean while Leonora, who was listening all the time at the chamber door, did not lose one word of all they said. She was at first tempted to throw herself in the middle of the swords, without knowing why; but Marcella prevented her: And when that artful duenna perceived all things likely to end so amicably, she concluded that her presence and that of her mistress would not prejudice the accommodation: Whereupon they both appeared with their handkerchiefs in their hands, and weeping ran and threw themselves at Don Lewis's feet. They feared, and not without reason, after their being surprized last night, that the old gentleman's anger might return: But raising Leonora, he said, My daughter, dry up your tears, I will not blame you any more; since your lover has resolved to keep the faith which he has sworn to you, I consent to forget what is past.

YES, Don Lewis, said the count, I will marry Leonora; and yet more effectually to repair the injury I have done you, to give you an entire satisfaction, and your son a pledge of my friendship for him, I offer him my sister Eugenia. Ah, my Lord, cried Don Lewis in a rapture, how sensible am I of the honour you do my son? Was ever father so happy! You now give me as much joy as you formerly caused me pain.

THOUGH the old man was charmed with the count's offer, yet Don Pedro was not: being wholly taken up with the thought of his unknown lady, he was so disturbed and confused that he could not say one word; and Belflor, without observing his trouble, departed; telling them he would order all

the necessary preparations to be made for this double union, and assuring them that he was impatient till he was connected with them by those strict bonds.

AFTER he was gone, Don Lewis left Leonora in her apartment, and went into his own with Don Pedro, who, with all the frankness of a young student, said, Sir, I beg you would dispense with my marrying the count's sister: It is enough that he marry Leonora; that will be sufficient to retrieve the honour of our family. What, son! replied the old man; can you refuse the count's sister? Yes, father, replied Don Pedro; that union, I own, would prove a cruel torment to me, the cause of which I will not conceal. It is now six months that I have loved, or rather adored, a charming lady; she admits me, and she alone can render my life happy.

How miserable is the state of a father! said Don Lewis; he scarce ever finds his children disposed to what he desires. But who then is this lady that has made so strong an impression on you? I do not yet know, answered Don Pedro; she has promised to inform me, when she shall be fully satisfied of my discretion and constancy, nor do I doubt but she is of one of the most illustrious houses in Spain.

AND do you fancy, replied the old man, changing his tone, that I will be so complaisant as to approve of your romantic love? that I shall suffer you to quit the most glorious establishment that fortune can ever offer you, to keep you constant to a person of whom you do not know so much as the name? Stifle rather these sentiments for an object, which perhaps may be unworthy of them, and think of nothing but deserving the honour which the count is doing you. All you say, father, replied the stu-



dent, is to no purpose; I feel it impossible for me ever to forget my unknown fair; nothing can disengage me from her: Should the Infanta be offered me——Hold, cried the father hastily; it is too insolent to boast a constancy which raises my anger. Be gone, and never let me see you again, until you are resolved to obey me.

DON Pedro durst not reply to these words, for fear of drawing on something more severe. He retired to his chamber, where he past the night in reflections equally melancholy and agreeable. He considered with grief that he was on the point of coming to a rupture with all his family, by refusing to marry the count's sister. But he was perfectly comforted when he represented to himself how his unknown lady must value him for such a sacrifice. He flattered himself, that, after such a shining proof of his fidelity, she would not fail to discover her rank and condition, which he imagined little inferior to that of Eugenia's.

WITH these hopes, as soon as it was day, he went to take a walk in the Prado, waiting the appointed hour to go to the apartment of Donna Juana; for that was the name of the lady in whose lodgings he used to meet his mistress every morning. He waited for the happy moment with great impatience, and, when it was come, flew with speed to the place of rendezvous.

HE found his unknown charmer already come thither, sooner than ordinary; but touched with such a sensible grief, as expressed itself to Donna Juana in showers of tears. What a melancholy sight for a lover! All in confusion he approached her, and falling upon his knees, Madam, said he, what must I think of the condition in which I see



you? Doubtless, answered she, you do not expect the fatal blow which I bring you. Cruel fortune is separating us for ever, and we are never to see each other more.

SHE accompanied these words with so many sighs, that it was hard to say whether Don Pedro was more touched with what she said, or the grief she discovered in the utterance of it. Just Heaven, cried he, with an excess of rage, which he could not restrain, is it possible for you to suffer the breaking of an union, the innocence of which you know! But, Madam, adds he, perhaps you have taken a false alarm. Is it certainly true that you will be torn from the most faithful lover that ever was? Must I really be the most miserable of all men? Our fate is but too sure, answered the unknown fair. My brother, on whom I depend, will marry me this day, as he has just now declared to me. Ah! who is that happy bridegroom? very hastily replied Don Pedro, name him to me, Madam: I will in my despair—I do not yet know his name, interrupted the lady; my brother would not tell me; all he said was, that before I gave my hand, he intended I should see him.

BUT, Madam, said Don Pedro, will you submit to a brother's will without resistance? Will you suffer yourself to be dragged to the altar without complaining of the cruelty of the violence done you? Will you make no attempts in my favour? Alas, I was not afraid of exposing myself to my father's rage, to reserve myself entirely yours! His threats could not shock my fidelity; and with what rigour soever he may treat me, I will not marry the lady he proposes, though the match is very advantageous. And who is this lady? said the un-

known beauty. It is the count de Belflor's sister, replied the student. Ah, Don Pedro, replied she, discovering an extream surprize, you are undoubtedly mistaken; you are not sure of what you say! Is it really Eugenia de Belflor they intend for you?

Yes, Madam, replied Don Pedro, the count himself made me the offer. How, cried she, is it possible you should be the cavalier for whom my brother designs me? Heavens, cried Pedro, what do I hear? Is my unknown angel then Eugenia de Belflor? Yes, Don Pedro, replied she, but I scarce believe myself this moment to be any longer so; so hard it is for me to persuade myself of the reality of the happiness of which you assure me.

AT these words Don Pedro fell at her feet, seized one of her hands with all the raptures that a lover suddenly removed from the extremities of pain to an excess of joy could possibly feel. Whilst he thus abandoned himself to the transports of his love, Eugenia, on her part, gave him a thousand proofs of her affection, which she accompanied with tender engaging expressions: What anxiety, said she, would my brother have spared me, had he but named the husband he designed me? What an aversion had I already conceived against this spouse? Ah, my dear Don Pedro, how much did I hate you? Bright Eugenia, answered he, how charming is that hatred to me? I will deserve it by adoring you all the rest of my life.

AFTER these two lovers had shewn one another all the most moving signs of their mutual tenderness, Eugenia desired to know how the student could gain her brother's friendship. Don Pedro did not conceal from her the amours of the count

and his sister, but related to her all that passed the last night. She was infinitely pleased to hear that her brother was to marry her lover's sister; and Donna Juana had too great a share in her friend's fate, not to be touched with this happy event. She testified her joy to her as well as to Don Pedro, who at last left Eugenia, after having mutually resolved not to seem to know one another when they appeared before her brother the count.

DON Pedro returned to his father, who, finding him disposed to obey his pleasure, was the better pleased, because he ascribed it to his absolute manner of deporting himself towards his son last night. They were expecting news from the count the very minute they received a letter from him, which advised them that he had just obtained the king's consent to his marriage, and that of his sister, with the addition of a considerable post for Don Pedro; that on the morrow both nuptials might be celebrated, his orders having been so diligently executed, that all the preparations were already far advanced. He came in the afternoon to confirm what he had written, and to present Eugenia to them.

DON Lewis shewed that lady all imaginable fondness, and Leonora did not neglect tenderly embracing her. As for Don Pedro, by whatsoever motions of love and joy he was agitated, he yet sufficiently restrained himself, to avoid the count's having the least suspicion of their former correspondence.

BELFLOR, particularly applying himself to observe his sister, thought he discovered, notwithstanding the constraint she imposed on herself, that she had no aversion to Don Pedro. But the better to assure himself of the truth of his conjecture,



he took her aside for a moment, and made her own that she was extremely well pleased with her cavalier. He then told his name and family, which he before concealed, lest the inequality of their conditions should have prejudiced her against him; all this she pretended to hear as though utterly ignorant of it before.

IN short, after the exchange of a multitude of civilities on both sides, it was resolved that the wedding should be kept at Don Lewis's house; and the nuptial festivities are this night performing, but not finished; and that is the reason of so great rejoicing in that house, in which all the company unanimously join, except Marcella, who has no share in it. She cries whilst the rest laugh; for the Count de Belflor, after his marriage, confessed the whole affair to Don Lewis, who has ordered her to be sent to the \* Monasterio de los Arrepentidas, where the thousand pistoles which she received as the price of Leonora's virtue will serve to help her through a course of penance during the remainder of her life.

\* A monastery in which lewd women are kept.





## C H A P. VI.

*What other things the student saw, and the manner  
he was revenged of Donna Thomasa.*

**L**ET us now turn to the other side, continued Asmodeus, and run over some new objects. Look into that house directly under us, where you will see something extraordinary. It is a man considerably in debt, in a profound sleep. He must then be a man of quality, said Leandro. You have guessed right, answered the dæmon. It is a marquis, who has a hundred thousand ducats a year, and yet his expences exceed his income. His table and his mistresses oblige him to run considerably in debt, and yet it does not give him the least uneasiness. On the contrary, when he has a mind to run into any tradesman's debt, he fancies that he is obliging him extreamly: It is with you, said he the other day to a draper, it is with you for the future I intend to deal upon credit, and I give you the preference.

WHILST the marquis is enjoying the sweets of repose, which his creditors do not enjoy, observe that man who——Hold, Signior Asmodeus, interrupted Don Cleofas hastily, I see a coach in the street, which I cannot let pass without asking you who is in it. Hush! said the cripple, lowering his voice, as if he was afraid of being overheard, you are to know there is in that coach one of the gravest personages in all the Spanish monarchy. He is a president going to make merry with an old Asturi-

an lady, who is subservient to his pleasures. That he may not be known, he has taken the same precaution as Caligula, who on such another occasion put on a peruke to disguise himself.

LET us return to the scene I was going to lay before you, when you interrupted me. Observe in the uppermost part of the marquis's palace a man very busy in his closet, which is full of books and manuscripts. Perhaps, said Zambullo, it is the marquis's steward, who is contriving means to pay his master's debts. That's pleasant enough, replied the devil; that must needs be what stewards of such families amuse themselves with. Their business is rather to make an advantage of the disorder of their master's affairs, than extricate them out of it. So that it is not a steward you see there, but an author. The marquis keeps him in his house, to give himself an air of encouraging men of letters. This author then, replied Don Cleofas, is a man of some note. You shall judge of that yourself, answered the dæmon; he is surrounded by a thousand volumes, and is compiling one, in which there will not be a line of his own. He pilfers from all those books and manuscripts, and, though he only methodizes and connects his thefts, yet he has more vanity than an original author.

You will hardly guess, continued the spirit, who lives within three doors of this palace: It is la Chicona, whom I have made such honourable mention of in the story of count de Belflor. Ah, how I am delighted with the sight of her! said the student. The good woman, so very serviceable to young people, is doubtless one of these two old women whom I see in that room. The one is leaning with her elbows on the table, earnestly

looking on the other, who is counting money: Which of the two is la Chicona? She, said the dæmon, leaning on her elbows. The other is called la Pebrada, an honourable lady of the same occupation; they are partners, and at this moment dividing the profits of an adventure which they have had the good fortune to bring to a conclusion.

LA Pebrada has the best trade, and deals with several rich widows, to whom she carries her list to read every day. What do you mean by her list? interrupted the student: It is, replied Asmodeus, a catalogue of all the handsome foreigners who come to Madrid, particularly French. As soon as ever la Pebrada hears any fresh ones arrived, she runs to their inns, and sily informs herself of their birth, shape, air, and age. She then makes her report to the widows, who consider of it; and, if they fancy any of the list, la Pebrada procures an interview.

THIS is not only very convenient, replied Zambullo, but in some measure lawful, for without these good ladies and their agents, young strangers, who have no acquaintance here, would be obliged to the expence of an infinite deal of time to create some. But pray tell me, are there any of this sort of widows and necessary ladies in other countries? A pretty question truly, answered the cripple; do you doubt it? I should very ill acquit myself in my office here on earth, if I neglected to furnish all great cities with them.

OBSERVE this neighbour of la Chicona, that printer at work alone in his printing-house. It is now three hours since he sent his servants away, and is going to spend the night in printing a book privately. What may this work be then? said Leandro. It is a libel, answered the dæmon, it proves



that religion is preferable to points of honour; and that it is better to forgive, than revenge an affront. What a rascal, cried the student! he does well to print his infamous book in private; nor would I advise the author to own it, for I should be one of the first to cane him. What? does religion forbid the preservation of our honour? Do not let us enter upon that dispute, interrupted Asmodeus, with an ill-natured smile: It seems you have improved well by the lectures of morality you have received at Alcala. I give you joy of your proficiency. You may say what you please, interrupted Don Cleofas in his turn, but let the author's arguments be the most beautiful and clear that can be invented, I shall laugh at them: I am a Spaniard, and nothing in the world is so sweet to me as revenge. And since you have promised to do me justice on my perfidious mistress, I challenge you to make good that promise.

I YIELD with pleasure to the transport that fires you, said the devil: Oh, how I love those bold spirits, who pursue all their inclinations without scruple! I will this moment satisfy you, the time of your vengeance is near at hand: But I would first shew you something that will greatly divert you. Carry your eye beyond the printing-house, and take notice of what is doing in an apartment hung with crimson cloth. I see five or six women, answered Leandro, crowding and pressing one another to thrust glass bottles into the hands of a man who seems to be a valet; and they appear to me in a violent agitation.

THESE are, replied the cripple, devout ladies, who have great reason for their uneasiness, for in that apartment is a member of the holy inquisition,



who lies sick. This venerable person, who is about five and thirty, is lodged in a chamber near where you see those women. Two of his favourite penitents are watching with him: One is employed in making him broths, and the other at his pillow takes care to keep his head warm, and to cover his breast with a stomacher made of fifty lambs' skins. What is his distemper then? said Zambullo: He has got a cold in his head, replied the devil; and it is to be feared it may fall on his lungs.

THE other women you see in his anti-chamber are also devout ladies, who, on the news of his indisposition, ran thither in all haste with medicines: One of them has brought him, for his cough, syrups of jujubes, marshmallows, coral, and coltsfoot; Another, to preserve his reverence's lungs, is laden with syrups of spit-wort, wall-flower, and elixer proprietatis: A third, to fortify his brain and stomach, has brought balm, cinnamon, and treacle-water: besides the essence of musk and ambergris: A fourth comes to offer him anacardine, and bezoartic confections; and another is provided with tinctures of jelly-flowers, coral, corn-popy, and emeralds. All these women are boasting the efficacy of their medicines to the inquisitor's footman; they take him aside one after another, and each of them clapping a ducat in his hand, thus whispers him in the ear: Laurence, my dear Laurence, recommend my bottle to your master more than the rest.

BLESS me? cried Don Cleofas, what happy mortals are these inquisitors! Indeed they are, replied Asmodeus; I myself almost envy their happiness; and as Alexander once said, that, were he not Alexander, he could wish to be Diogenes: so I might.

well say, that were I not a devil, I would be an inquisitor.

COME, Signior student, added he, now let us go and punish that base woman who so ill returned your tenderness. Upon which Zambullo took hold of the skirts of Asmodeus's cloak, who cleft the air a second time with him, and pitched him on Donna Thomasa's house.

THIS lady was at table with the four bullies, who had pursued the student over the tops of the houses; he trembled with outrageous resentment to see them eat a brace of partridges and a rabbit, and empty several bottles of wine, for which he had paid, and sent thither. To crown his vexation, he saw there was nothing but mirth going forward, and was convinced by her behaviour, that the company of these wretches was more agreeable to her than his own. Ah rascals, cried he, enflamed with rage, how deliciously they fare at my expence, and a fine mortification this to me!

I CONFESS, said the devil, it is no very pleasant sight; but they who will frequent such loose ladies must expect adventures of this kind; they happen every day in France to abbés, men of the long robe, and rich commissioners of the revenue. If I had a sword, replied Don Cleofas, I would break in upon those villains, and spoil their entertainment. You would be over-matched, replied the cripple; leave your revenge to me, I will compass it better than you; I will this moment set them together by the ears, by inspiring them with a lascivious flame, and they shall draw their swords upon each other; you will see excellent sport presently.

AT these words he blew, and out of his mouth issued a violet-coloured vapour, that descended wav-

ing like a squib, and spread itself over Donna Thomasa's table: One of the guests, immediately feeling the effect of this blast, drew near the lady, and passionately embraced her; but the others, pushed on by the force of the same vapour, endeavoured to tear her from him. Each pretended to the preference, which they now began to dispute, and a jealous rage possessed all their minds; they came to blows, drew their swords, and began to fight desperately with one another. In the mean while Donna Thomasa shrieked in a horrible manner, and the neighbourhood was immediately alarmed; they cried out for the officers of justice to come, which they immediately did, broke open the courtesan's doors, found two of the ruffians dead on the spot, seized the rest and carried them to prison with Donna Thomasa, who crying and tearing her hair, lost all patience, whilst her guards were as little moved as Zambullo, who laughed very heartily with Asmodeus.

WELL, said the demon to the student, are you satisfied? No, replied Don Cleofas; if you would satisfy me entirely, you must shew me the prison. What exquisite pleasure it will be to me, to see that wretch who made a jest of my passion, shut up there. I find that I now hate her more than before I loved her. With all my heart, replied the devil, you shall always find me ready to oblige you, though it were even against my inclination and interest, so that it be for your good.

THEY both flew towards the prison, where soon after the two bullies were brought, and clapped into a dark dungeon. As for Thomasa, they laid her on straw, with three or four loose women who had been taken up that day, and who on the mor-



row were to be carried to the place appointed for such creatures.

Now I am satisfied, said Zambullo; I have had the pleasure of a full revenge. My friend Thomasa will not pass the night so agreeably as she expected. Let us go and pursue our observations where you please. This is a place very proper for them, answered the spirit; there are here a great number of guilty and innocent people; and it is a place which begins the punishments of the one, and serves to purify the virtue of the others. I will shew you some prisoners of each kind, and tell you the reasons why they are kept here in chains.



## C H A P. VII.

### *Of the prisoners.*

**B**EFORE I enter into particulars, pray take notice of the turnkeys at the entrance into these horrid mansions. The ancient poets placed but one Cerberus at hell gates, but here is a far greater number, as you see. These turnkeys are dead to every sentiment of humanity. The most wicked of all my brethren would hardly be able to supply the place of one. But I perceive, added he, you look with horror on these rooms, where all the furniture is a wretched bed, and those frightful dungeons appear to you like so many graves. It is with reason that you are astonished at the misery of these places, and deplore the condition of those wretches whom the law detains in them. Yet they do not all deserve the same compassion; their me-



rits therefore shall be the subject of our examination.

FIRST of all, in that large chamber on the right are four men lying on those two wretched beds you see. One is a vintner, who stands accused of poisoning a stranger, who the other day dropped down dead in his house. It is pretended that the quality of the wine killed the deceased, but the vintner alledges it was the quantity, and will be believed at his tryal, for the stranger was a German. And which of them are in the right, said Don Cleofas, the vintner or his prosecutors? The affair is extremely delicate, answered the devil. It is true the wine was adulterated, but, on my conscience, the German had drank so largely, that the judges may safely set the vintner at liberty.

THE second prisoner is an assassinator by trade, one of those abandoned ruffians whom they call Bravos, who for four or five pistoles are very ready to oblige such with the use of their arm, that will be at the expence, to be privately rid of an enemy. The third is a fop of a dancing-master, who taught one of his female scholars a false step. The fourth is a lover, caught by the watch, as he was scaling the balcony of a woman of his acquaintance, whose husband was absent. It is his own fault he does not get out, by declaring his design was purely amorous; but he chuses rather to pass for a thief, and run the risque of his life, than expose the honour of the lady.

A VERY discreet lover indeed, said the student; it must be owned that our nation exceeds all others in point of gallantry. I dare venture a wager, that there is not a Frenchman in the world, for example, that would suffer himself to be hanged for his

discretion. No, I assure you, said the devil, a Frenchman would sooner clamber over a balcony to disgrace the woman that should show him any favour.

IN the closet next to those four men, continued he, is a famous witch, who has the reputation of being able to do impossibilities, by the power of her art. It is reported, old widow ladies find gallants that love them, without any view of interest: Husbands become faithful to their wives, and coquets really in love with the rich gallants that court them. But nothing is more false: She is not mistress of any other secret, than that of persuading the world she is so, and of living handsomely on that opinion. This poor creature the inquisition claims, and very probably she will be burnt at the first Auto de Fe that is solemnized.

UNDER the closet there is a dungeon, that serves for a lodging to a young vintner. What, another vintner? cried Leandro; sure these people have a mind to poison all the world. This man's case is not the same as the other, replied Asmodeus; he was seized yesterday, and is likewise claimed by the inquisition. I will in few words relate you the subject of his commitment.

AN old soldier, who by his courage, or rather perseverance, having mounted to the post of a serjeant in his company, came to recruit in this city. He enquired for a lodging at an inn, where he was told, that they had indeed empty rooms, but that they could not recommend any of them to him, because the house was haunted every night by a spirit, which treated all strangers very ill that were rash enough to lodge there. This did not at all frighten our serjeant: Put me in what chamber you

please, said he, do but give me a candle, wine, pipes, and tobacco; and as for the spirit, never trouble yourself about it; ghosts have a respect for men of war who are grown old in the service.

As he seemed so resolute, he was conducted into a chamber, where all that he desired was brought to him. He fell to drinking and smoking 'till midnight, and no spirit had yet disturbed the profound silence that reigned in the house; one would have thought he feared this new guest; but betwixt one and two the serjeant, all of a sudden, heard a frightful noise, like the rattling of old iron, and immediately saw entering his chamber an apparition, cloathed in black, and laden all around with iron chains. Our smoker, not in the least affrighted at this sight, drew his sword, advanced towards the spirit, and with the flat side of it gave him a very severe blow on the head.

THE ghost, not much used to such a reception, cried out, and, perceiving the soldier going to begin again with him, he most humbly prostrated himself at his feet; Mr. Serjeant, said he, for God's sake do not give me any more; but have mercy on a poor devil, that casts himself at your feet. I conjure you by St. James, who, as you are, was a great soldier. If you are willing to save your life, answered the soldier, you must tell me who you are, and speak without the least prevarication, or else this moment I cleave you down the middle, as the knights of old used to serve the giants they encountered. At these words, the spirit, finding what sort of a man he had to do with, resolved to tell the whole truth.

I AM the drawer of this inn, replied the spirit, my name is Guillermo; I am in love with my master's only daughter, and she does not dislike



me; but her father and mother having a better match in view, in order to compel them to make me their son-in law, the girl and I have agreed that I shall every night act the part which I now do. I wrap myself up in a long black cloak, and hang the jack chain about my neck; thus equipt, I run up and down the house, from the cellar to the garret, and make all the noise which you have heard. When I come to my master and mistress's chamber-door, I stop and cry out, Think not that I will ever let you rest, until you marry your daughter Juanna to Guillermo your drawer.

AFTER having pronounced these words with a hoarse broken voice, I continue my noise, and at a window enter the closet, where Juanna lies alone, to give her an account of my proceedings. Mr. Serjeant, continued Guillermo, you may perceive by this that I have told you the whole truth; I know, that after this confession you may ruin me by discovering it to my master; but if you please to assist me, instead of undoing me, I swear that my acknowledgements——Alas, what service can I do thee? interrupted the soldier. You need no more, returned Guillermo, than to say to-morrow that you have seen the spirit, that it so terribly affrighted you——How? terribly affrighted! interrupted the soldier; would you have serjeant Annibal Antonio Quebrantador say he was frightened? I had rather that ten thousand devils should——That is not absolutely necessary, interrupted Guillermo; and after all, it is not much matter what you say, provided you second my design. And when I have married Juanna, and am settled, I promise to treat you and all your friends nobly for nothing every day. You have a taking way with you, Mr. Guillermo, said



the foldier. You propofe to me to fupport a trick: It is a ferialous affair, which requires mature deliberation; but the confequences hurry me on. Go, continue your noife and ratling again, tell Juanna what has happened, and I will take care of the reft.

ACCORDINGLY next morning he faid to his landlord and landlady: I have feen the fpirit, and I have talked with it. It is a very honeft fellow. I am, faid he, the great great grandfather of the mafter of this houfe: I had a daughter whom I promifed to the father of the grandfather of this drawer. However, neglecting the word I had given him, I married her to another, and died a fhort time after, and ever fince I remain in torment, as the punifhment of my perjury, and fhall never be at reft, until one of my family fhall marry one of Guillermo's; and it is for this reafon I haunt this houfe every night. Yet it is to no purpofe that I bid them marry Juanna to their drawer. The fon of my grandfon and his wife lend a deaf ear to all my remonftrances. But tell them, if you please, Mr Serjeant, that if they do not immediately comply with my defires, I fhall proceed to extremities, and will torment them both in an extraordinary manner.

THE hoft, being filly enough, was terrified at this difcourfe; but the hoftefs, yet more filly than her hufband, fancying that the fpirit was always at her heels, confented to the match, and Guillermo married Juanna the next day, and fet up in another part of the town. Serjeant Quebrantador did not fail to vifit him often; and he, in acknowledgment of the fervice he had done him, gave him as much wine as he cared for. This fo pleafed the foldier, that he brought thither not only all his friends, but

listened his men there, and made them all drunk at free cost.

BUT at last Guillermo, grown weary of fatiating such a crew of drunkards, told the soldier his mind; who, without reflecting that he had exceeded the agreement, was so unjust as to call Guillermo little ungrateful rascal. The host answered; the serjeant replied; and the conversation ended with several strokes with the flat side of the sword, which Guillermo received: Several persons passing by took the vintner's part; the serjeant wounded three or four, but was suddenly fallen on by a croud of Alguazils, who seized him as a disturber of the public peace, and carried him to prison. He there declared all that I have told you, and upon his deposition the officers have also seized Guillermo; the father-in-law requires the annulling of the marriage: and the holy office being informed that Guillermo is rich, have thought fit to take cognizance of it.

As I hope to be saved, said Don Cleofas, this same holy inquisition is very alert. The moment they smell out any affair, from which the smallest advantage—Softly, interrupted the cripple, have a care what liberties you take with this tremendous tribunal, for it has its spies every where, to inform them even of things that were never spoken. I myself dare hardly mention their name without trembling.

OVER the unfortunate Guillermo, in the first room on the left, are two men worthy of pity. One of them is a young valet de chambre, admitted by his master's wife as a lover. One day the husband caught them in the fact; the woman immediately cried out for help, and accused the valet de chambre of a rape. The unfortunate fellow was seized,

and will in all likelihood fall a sacrifice to his mistress's reputation.

THE valet de chambre's companion, still less guilty, likewise runs the risque of losing his life. He is a dutchess's gentleman, who being robbed of a large diamond, he is accused of the theft. He will to-morrow be put to the torture, 'till he confess the fact, which was in truth committed by a favourite chambermaid, whom no body dares suspect.

AH, Signior Asmodeus, said Leandro, let me entreat you to help this unhappy youth; I am concerned for his innocence; keep off, by your power, the cruel tortures that threaten him: His innocence deserves——You do not consider what you ask, Mr. Student, interrupted the devil. Can you desire me to oppose an unjust action, and hinder the destruction of an innocent man? You might as well beg of an attorney not to ruin a widow or orphan.

PRAY, if you please, do not ask any thing of me contrary to my interest, unless it may be of considerable advantage to yourself. Besides, if I would deliver that honest man out of prison, do you think it is in my power? How! replied Zambullo, have you not power to fetch a man out of prison? No, really, replied the cripple; if you had read Enchiridion, or Albertus Magnus, you would know, that it is beyond the power of me, or any of my brethren, to set a prisoner at liberty. Should I myself have the misfortune to fall into the clutches of a justice, I could not extricate myself any other way than by money.

IN the next chamber is a surgeon, convicted of having sent his wife out of the world the same way that Seneca went. He was this day tortured, and, after confessing the crime he was charged with, own-



ed besides, that he had for ten years made use of a pretty extraordinary method to create practice; he wounded the passengers in the street, and nimbly made his escape, by running into his own house at a back-door. The wounded person, in the mean while, having by his groans drawn the neighbours to his assistance, the surgeon ran in also with the croud, and, finding a wounded man wallowing in his blood, he caused him to be carried into his shop, where he dressed him with the same hand which had given him the wound.

THOUGH the barbarous surgeon hath made this confession, and deserves to die a thousand deaths, yet he flatters himself with a pardon, and possibly he may get one, for he is related to one of the prince's dressers; and besides, I must tell you that he makes a wonderful water, for which he only has the receipt. This incomparable water has the power of whitening the skin, and making an old wrinkled face as smooth and soft as that of an infant, so that three court ladies, who make use of it as their fountain of youth, have joined their interests to save him. And he depends so much upon them, or rather, if you please, upon his water, that he is gone quietly to sleep, expecting to receive the agreeable news of his liberty when he wakes.

IN the same chamber, said the student, I think I see another man very fast asleep too upon an old bed. Sure his situation is not very desperate? It is a very odd affair, answered the dæmon. He is a Biscayan gentleman, grown rich by the discharge of a gun; and it was thus: As he was shooting with his elder brother about a fortnight ago, who possessed a very considerable estate, he unfortunately killed him by a shot aimed at some young partridge.



es. A lucky mistake that for a younger brother, cried Don Cleofas, smiling: True, said Asmodeus; but those that are next in succession, being greedy of the deceased's estate, are prosecuting the young gentleman, whom they accuse of committing this fact in order to be the only heir of the family. But he has voluntarily surrendered himself, and seems so afflicted at his brother's death, that it is impossible to imagine he killed him designedly. And has he really nothing to reproach himself with but his awkwardness at shooting? replied Leandro. No, answered the cripple, he had no ill intentions, though I would advise all gentlemen of estates, not to go a shooting with their younger brothers.

PRAY take particular notice of those two youths in the next room to the Biscayan, who are entertaining themselves as merrily as if they were at liberty. They are two accomplished sharpers; one of them especially may some time or other present the publick with an account of his rogueries; for he may pass for a second Guisman de Alfarache. I mean him in the brown velvet, with a plume of feathers in his hat.

IT is hardly three months ago since he was one of the Count d' Oniate's pages here at Madrid; and would still have been in that nobleman's service, had it not been for a trick he played, which is the cause of his being in prison, and which I shall give you an account of.

THIS youth, whose name is Domingo, happened one day to receive a good sound whipping from the squire, or governor of the Count's pages, for some unlucky prank he had committed, that deserved it; which piece of discipline stuck in his stomach for a long time, and he was resolved to be revenged. He

had observed more than once that Signior Don Cosmo (for that was the Squire's name) washed his hands in orange flower-water, and afterwards rubbed them with a paste made of pinks and jessamin; that he took more care of his person than an old coquet; in short, that he was one of those fools who imagine that a woman cannot look upon them without falling in love with them. This observation suggested to him a project of revenge, which he communicated to a young girl that was a chambermaid in the neighbourhood, whose assistance he wanted to put his designs in execution, and with whom he had such an intimacy, that he could not possibly have a greater.

THIS wench, named Florella, in order to converse with him with the greater freedom, made him pass for her cousin at her mistress Donna Luziana's, whose father was then in the country. The malicious Domingo, having instructed his pretended cousin in what she was to do, went one morning into Don Cosmo's chamber, whilst he was trying on a new suit of cloaths; all which time he was admiring himself in the glass, and appeared charmed with the figure he saw there. The page, as if he had been in a rapture at the sight of this Narcissus, really, Signior Don Cosmo, said he, you have the air of a prince. Though I every day see grandees dressed in the greatest magnificence, yet notwithstanding all the richness of their dress, they want your noble mien. I know not, whether being your humble servant so much as I am, I look on you with eyes too much prejudiced in your favour; but in my opinion there is not a gentleman at court can expect to be taken notice of when you are there.

THE squire smiled at this discourse, which so a-

greeably flattered his vanity, and putting on a soft air, you flatter me, friend, answered he, or you must really love me, and your friendship lends me those graces which nature has denied me. I cannot allow that, replied the page, cajoling him all the while; for there is no body but who speaks of you as advantageously as myself. I wish you had heard what a cousin of mine, who is maid to a woman of quality, said of you yesterday.

DON Cosmo did not fail to ask what that cousin of his said: Said! replied the page; she enlarged upon the beauty of your shape, and the charms that are to be seen all over your person; and what is still better, she told me in confidence, that Donna Luziana her mistress took a pleasure in looking at you every time you passed by their house.

WHO is that lady, said the squire, or where does she live? What! answered Domingo, do not you know it is the only daughter of general Don Fernando, our neighbour? Ah! now I have it, replied Don Cosmo, I remember I have heard the wealth and beauty of this Luziana much talked of. She is a lady of great distinction, but is it possible she can have any regard for me? Most certainly, said the page, my cousin told me so; though a lady's woman, she is no liar, and I would answer for her as soon as for myself. If it be so, said the squire, I would be glad to have a little private discourse with thy cousin, and bring her over to my interest by a present or two, according to custom; and if she advise me to make my addresses to her mistress, I will try my fortune. And, indeed, why not? I agree there is some distance between me and Don Fernando, but still I am a gentleman, and have five



hundred good ducats a year. Matches more extraordinary than this happen every day.

THE page encouraged his master in his resolution, and procured him a meeting with his cousin, who, finding the squire ready to swallow anything, assured him that her mistress had an inclination for him. She has often asked me about you, said she, and my answers have not been to your disadvantage. In short, Sir, you may safely depend upon it, that Donna Luziana loves you: boldly declare your honourable designs; shew her you are the gallantest and most polite cavalier in Madrid, give her a serenade, which she is passionately fond of. As for me I will take care to extol your gallantry, and I hope my good offices will not be in vain. Don Cosmo, transported with joy to see the maid take his part with so much warmth, embraced her, and put a trifling ring upon her finger, which he had purposely bought to present her with; Dear Florella, said he, I give you this diamond only for the sake of your acquaintance; I design to acknowledge the services you intend me by something more solid and considerable.

IT was impossible to be more pleased than he was with this conversation with the chambermaid. Wherefore, he not only thanked Domingo for procuring it him, but made him a present of a pair of silk stockings, and some laced shirts, promising him he would let slip no opportunity of serving him. And then consulting him upon the measures he should take, My friend, said he, dost thou advise me to break the ice by a sublime passionate letter to Donna Luziana? Indeed do I, answered the page; send her a declaration of love in the highest style: for something tells me it will not be ill received.



I fancy so too, replied the squire; however, at all events, that shall be my beginning. Immediately he put pen to paper; so having torn about twenty foul copies of billet-doux, which he had made, at last he hit upon one he resolved should go; this he read over to Domingo, who, having heard it with signs of admiration, undertook to carry it immediately to his cousin. These were the florid and far-fetched terms it was couched in.

“**L**ONG, long is the time, O charming Luziana, that drawn by fame, which every where publishes your many perfections, I cannot help being inflamed with an ardent passion for you. However, notwithstanding the fires that consume me, I have not dared to venture upon any piece of gallantry; but as I understand that you vouchsafe to cast a favourable eye upon me when I pass by your window; your window, that deprives the eyes of mankind of your celestial beauty; and that even by the influence of fate (fate thrice happy for me) you are inclined to wish me well, I take the liberty of begging to be allowed to consecrate myself to your service. If I am so fortunate as to obtain it, I bid adieu to all other women, past, present, and to come.

“DON COSMO de la HIGUERA.”

THE page and his sham cousin did not fail making themselves merry at Don Cosmo's expence, and diverting themselves with his letter. But they did not stop here; they drew up between them a kind of letter, which the chambermaid transcribed, and Domingo carried the next day to the squire, as Donna Luziana's answer. This was it.

“ I Can’t imagine who it is that can so well have  
“ informed you of my secret sentiments; some-  
“ body must have betrayed me : but I pardon it,  
“ since it has been the occasion of letting me know  
“ that you love me. Of all men that pass through  
“ our street, you are the person I take the most  
“ pleasure in looking at; and am extremely glad  
“ you are become my lover. Perhaps I ought not  
“ to wish it, and much less say it : But if I have  
“ committed a fault, your transcendent merit is my  
“ excuse.

“ DONNA LUZIANA.”

THOUGH this answer was a little too tender for a general’s daughter (for the writers had not taken their measures nicely as to that) the vain Don Cosmo did not at all mistrust it upon that account. He had so good an opinion of himself, as to imagine a lady might lay aside decency a little for his sake. Ah ! Domingo, cried he, with an air of triumph, after reading the pretended letter aloud; thou seest, my friend, how much the lady is smitten. I shall be Don Ferdinand’s son-in-law, as sure as I am Don Cosmo de la Higuera.

THERE is no doubt of it, said the rascal of a confident; you have made a terrible impression upon the heart of the young lady. But it is just come into my head, said he, I remember my cousin charged me to tell you, that to-morrow at farthest it was absolutely necessary for you to give your mistress a serenade, in order to make her run quite mad for you. With all my heart, said the squire, and thou mayest assure thy cousin that I will follow thy advice, and to-morrow, about midnight, she shall without fail hear one of the finest concerts in her

street, that ever was heard at Madrid. And indeed he really went to an excellent musick-master, and having let him into his design, employed him in the execution of it.

WHILST he was busied in making preparations for the serenade, Florello, whom the page had instructed, seeing her mistress in good humour, said to her, Madam, I am preparing you a very agreeable diversion; upon which, Luziana asked her what it was. O really, replied the maid, laughing as if she had been mad all the while, I have a budget full of news for you. An original, whose name is Don Cosmo, governor to the Count d'Oniate's pages, has taken it into his head to chuse you for the sovereign lady of his affections, and that you may not be ignorant of it, is to-morrow night to entertain you with a fine concert of vocal and instrumental music. Donna Luziana, who was naturally gay, and thought the squire's gallantries would draw no ill consequence after them in regard to herself, far from assuming a serious air, pleased herself beforehand with the thought of hearing the concert: so that, without knowing it, she helped to confirm Don Cosmo in an error, which had she known, she would have been very angry at.

IN short, next evening, there appeared before Luziana's balcony two coaches, out of which alighted the gallant squire and his confident, accompanied by six men, some of whom sung, and others played, who began the concert. It lasted a considerable time, and they played a great number of new airs, and sung several songs, all which turned upon the power of love in uniting hearts of different rank and condition; and at the end of every



song, which the general's daughter applied to herself, she laughed greatly.

WHEN the serenade was over, Don Cosmo sent back the musick in the same coaches they came in, and waited in the street with Domingo, till such curious people as his musick had brought about him were gone. He then drew near the balcony, from whence the maid, by her mistress's permission, said to him through a little window, Is it you, Signior Don Cosmo? Who is it asks me the question, answered he in a languishing tone? It is Donna Luziana, replied the maid, who wants to know whether this concert be the effect of your gallantry? It is no more than a slight shadow of the entertainments my love is preparing for this wonder of our age, if she will vouchsafe to receive them from a lover consuming upon the altar of her beauty.

LUZIANA could hardly forbear laughing at this high-strained compliment: however, she smothered it, and placing herself at a little window, Signior Don Cosmo, said she, as gravely as she could, to the squire, it is very plain you are no novice in gallantry. Lovers who would oblige their mistresses must learn of you; I am very well pleased with your serenade, and thank you for it. But I would have you retire, added she, for we may be heard; and another time we will have a longer conversation. At these words she shut the window, leaving the squire extreamly well satisfied with the favour she had done him, and the page as much astonished to see her act a part in the comedy.

THIS little entertainment, including the charge of the coaches, and of the vast quantity of wine drank by the performers, cost Don Cosmo an hun-



dred ducats; yet two days after his confident engaged him in a fresh expence, which was thus. Having learned that Florella was on the eve of St. John (an eve so celebrated in this city) to go with some other wenches of the same stamp to the Fiestá del † Sotillo, he undertook to give them a magnificent repast, at the expence of his master.

SIGNIOR Don Cosmo, said he, do you know that to-morrow is the festival of St. John? I tell you beforehand, that Donna Luziana proposes to be by break of day on the banks of the Mansanarez to see the Sotillo. I suppose I need say no more to the flower of all gallant cavaliers, nor are you a man that will slight so fair an opportunity. I am persuaded that your mistress and her company will be handsomely treated to-morrow. Yes, you may depend upon it, said his governor, and you shall see I know how to lay hold on the occasion. In reality, very early the next morning, four of his master's valets, conducted by Domingo, and loaded with all sorts of cold meats dressed different ways, and a vast number of small loaves, and bottles of the best wine, arrived on the banks of the Mansanarez, where Florella and her companions were dancing like so many nymphs at the sun-rising.

THEY were not a little pleased at the page's coming to interrupt their dances, by the offer of a solid breakfast from Signior Don Cosmo. They sat down on the grass, and began to do honour to the feast by laughing immoderately at the fool who gave it; for the charitable cousin of Domingo had taken care to let them into the secret.

As they were all disposed for mirth, they saw the squire appear elegantly dressed, and mounted on a

† A sort of dance particular to the Spaniards,

pad out of the count's stables. He came up to his confident, and saluted his company, who got up to receive him with the greater politeness, and thank him for his generosity. He cast his eyes around amongst all the women to find out Donna Luziana, designing to make his addressee to her in a fine compliment which he had studied by the way; but Florella, taking him aside, told him that an indisposition had prevented her lady's appearing at the entertainment. Don Cosmo appeared mightily affected at this news, and asked what his dear Luziana's illness was: She has got a great cold, said the maid, by passing all the night you gave her the serenade in her balcony without her veil, and talking of you. The squire, comforted by an accident proceeding from so charming a cause, begged her to continue him her good offices with her mistress, and returned home, delighted more and more with his good fortune.

ABOUT this time Don Cosmo had a bill of exchange sent him, and received a thousand crowns in gold, sent him from Andalusia, as his share of an estate of an uncle of his at Seville. He told over the sum, and put it into a strong box, in the presence of Domingo, who eyed it wishfully, and being tempted to get those pretty things into his possession, he resolved to run away with them to Portugal. He imparted the scheme to Florella, and went so far as to propose to her to go along with him. Though the proposal deserved mature consideration, the wench, as wicked as the page, accepted it without hesitation. In short, one night when Don Cosmo was in his closet, and busied in inditing a passionate letter to his mistress, Domingo found means to open the chest where the money

lay, and carried it off. Immediately he made the best of his way into the street with his booty, and being got under Luziana's balcony, began to mew like a cat. The chamber-maid, at this signal, which they had agreed upon, did not make him wait long, but being ready to follow him over the world, departed out of Madrid with him.

THEY imagined they should have time enough to reach Portugal before they should be overtaken; but unluckily for them, Don Cosmo that very night perceiving he was robbed, and his confident run away, had immediate recourse to a justice, who dispatched his blood-hounds all about in pursuit of the thief, and took him and his nymph near Zebreros; who were both brought back, and the maid sent to the house of correction, and Don Domingo sent hither.

DOUBTLESS then, said the student, the squire will not lose his money, but it will be returned him. Not so, neither, answered the devil: those pieces are proofs of the crime, and the officers of justice never part with such evidence: and Don Cosmo, whose story is spread all over the city, remains plundered, and laughed at by every body.

DOMINGO, and that other prisoner at play with him, continued the cripple, have a young Castilian for their neighbour, who has been brought in here, for having struck his father, in the presence of credible witnesses. Heavens! cried Leandro, what do you tell me? However wicked a son be, yet still can he lift up his hand against his father? O yes, said the dæmon, this is not without an instance, and a very remarkable one. In the reign of Pedro the first, surnamed the just and the cruel, eighth king of Portugal, a young fellow of about



twenty was put into the hands of justice for the same fact. The king, like you, surprized at the novelty of the case, resolved to examine the criminal's mother, which he did so dexterously, that he drew her into a confession, that the young man had been begot upon her body by a pious son of the church. In the same manner, were the judges of this Castilian to examine his mother as artfully, they might probably force the same confession from her.

CARRY your eye to that large dungeon under the three prisoners I have just shewed you, and let us consider what is passing there. Those are highwaymen. See they are breaking out by the help of a file, brought them concealed in a loaf, and have already filed through a large bar of a window, through which they may get into a court that leads into the street. They have been here more than ten months, and should have received the publick reward due to such exploits above eight months ago; but, thanks to the tedious proceedings of the law, they are now setting out to commit more murders.

FOLLOW me into that low hall, where you will see twenty or thirty prisoners lying upon straw; they are pickpockets, shoplifters, and all the very worst of felons: Do you observe five or six of them pulling about a kind of handicraft tradesman brought in to-day for wounding on Alguazil with a stone. But why do they beat the poor fellow? said Zambullo. It is, answered Asmodeus, because he has not paid his garnish. But, continued he, let us leave those miserable wretches, and get as far as we can from this frightful place, that we may



employ our time upon subjects that are more agreeable.



## C H A P. VIII.

*Asmodeus shews Don Cleofas several persons, and informs him what they have been doing that day.*

**L**EAVING the prisoners, they flew towards another quarter, and lighted upon a great house, where the dæmon said thus to the student; I have a great mind to tell you what all the people living round this great house have this day been doing, and possibly it may divert you. I make no doubt of it, answered Leandro, and beg you would begin with that captain whom I see putting on his boots. He is going out of Madrid, said Asmodeus; his horse is waiting for him in the street, and he is bound for Portugal, in order to join his regiment.

HAVING no money to make the campaign, he yesterday applied himself to an usurer: Signior Sanguisuela, said he, cannot you lend me a thousand ducats? Captain, answered the usurer in very obliging terms, I have not so much by me, but I will do my best to find you a man that shall lend you the sum; that is, shall give you four hundred down, provided you give your note for a thousand; and out of that four hundred, please to take notice that I expect sixty for my trouble. Money is so scarce at this time——What an unconscionable extortion is this, interrupted the officer hastily, to ask six hundred and sixty ducats for the use of three hun-

dred and forty! What a piece of villainous knavery is this! Such unconscionable rascals deserve hanging.

Do not be in a passion, captain, replied the usurer with great coolness, try at another place. What do you complain of? Do I force you to take the three hundred and forty ducats? You are at liberty to take them or let them alone. The captain went away without returning any answer: But after considering that he was under a necessity of returning to his regiment, that his time was short, and that he could do nothing without money, he returns the next morning to the usurer, whom he met at his door in a black cloak, collar-band, and short hair, with beads in his hand. Signior Sanguisuela, says he, I am content to accept your three hundred and forty ducats; my extream want of money has forced me to it. I am going to mass, answered the usurer very gravely, and at my return come again, and you shall have the money. No, no, replied the captain, go in again, this affair will not take you up two minutes, pray dispatch me immediately, for I am in the utmost haste. I cannot, replied the usurer, I every day hear mass before I do any manner of business; it is my constant rule, which I am determined to observe most religiously during the whole course of my life.

HOWEVER impatient the captain was to receive his money, he was forced to submit to pious Sanguisuela's strict rules; and, as if he had been afraid he should miss the ducats, he followed the usurer to the church, and staid the mass out with him; after which he prepared to go out of the church, when Sanguisuela whispered him in the ear, that one of the ablest preachers in Madrid was going to

mount the pulpit; and I will not, on any account, said he, lose the sermon.

THE officer, to whom the time of mass appeared tedious, was almost distracted with this fresh delay; but yet he waited the sermon out. The preacher appeared, and the subject of his discourse was against usury, at which the captain was infinitely pleased, and observing Sanguisuela's looks, he said to himself, If this Jew should be touched with the discourse! Should he now give me six hundred ducats, how happy it would be! When the sermon was ended, and they were gone out, the captain came up to the other, and said, Well, Signior Sanguisuela, what do you think of this preacher? was not the sermon very pathetick? For my part, I own it sensibly moved me. I am entirely of your opinion, answered the extortioner; He has handled his subject perfectly well; he is a learned man, and has treated his subject perfectly well; I told you, he was a man of great abilities, and has done his business accordingly; now let us go and dispatch ours.

PRAY who are those two ladies that lie together in the same bed, and laugh so heartily? cried Don Cleofas, they seem to me to be very merry. They are, answered the devil, two sisters, who have this day buried their father, who was a whimsical humourist, that had such an aversion for matrimony, or rather such a reluctance to give portions to his daughters, that he would never marry them, how advantageous matches soever were offered. The character of their deceased father was the perpetual subject of their discourse. He is dead at last, said the eldest, our unnatural father, who took a barbarous pleasure in preventing our marriage! He



will now no more oppose our inclinations. For my part, said the youngest, I am for a rich husband, though a fool, and the fat Don Blanco shall be my choice. Hold, sister, replied the eldest, do not let us be so very hasty in the choice of husbands; let us marry those the powers above have destined for us; for our marriages are registered in heaven's book. So much the worse, dear sister, for if that is the case, I am afraid my father will tear out the leaf. At this the eldest could not hold from an extravagant fit of laughter; in which the youngest, equally tickled, as heartily joins.

IN the house next to these two sisters, lives, in a ready-furnished chamber, a young Arragonian lady, who is upon the catch for some rich bubble. I see she is admiring herself in the glass instead of going to bed, and complimenting her charms on the important conquest they have made this day. She is likewise contriving new airs, and has already hit upon two which will to-morrow be practised with great success upon her lover, who is such a very promising spark, that she cannot be too sedulous in the conquest of him; and one of her creditors coming not long since to dun her, Honest friend, said she, come within a few days and you shall be paid, I am just upon terms of agreement with one of the chief officers of the treasury.

I NEED not, said Don Cleofas, ask you how that gentleman, whom I see, has been employed; he must have been busied all day in writing letters. What a prodigious number do I see on his table! What is most remarkable, answered the devil, is, that the subject of all these letters is the same. This cavalier has written to all his absent friends the relation of an adventure which happened to him this af-



ternoon, and is as follows: He was in love with a beautiful discreet widow of thirty: She received his addresſes favourably, and at laſt conſented to his propoſal of marriage. While the nuptial preparations are making, he has free leave to viſit her at her own houſe, which he accordingly doth daily. He has been there to-day, and happening to meet with none of the family to aſk where ſhe was, he entered the lady's apartment, where he ſurprized her aſleep on a couch in an amorous undreſs; or, to ſpeak more properly, almoſt naked. He approached her ſoftly, and ſtole a kiſs; at which ſhe awaked, and ſighing ſaid: What again! Ah! my dear Ambroſe, leave me to my reſt. The cavalier, like a well bred man, very civilly took his leave at that inſtant, and quitted her apartment; he met the happy footman upon the head of the ſtairs; Ambroſe, ſaid he to him, do not go in, your miſtreſs deſires you will let her reſt a little longer.

Two doors beyond this cavalier, I diſcover a ſmall houſe where lives an original of an huſband, who ſnores while his wife is reproaching him for having ſtaid from home the whole day; and ſhe would be much more exaſperated, if ſhe knew how he had been employing himſelf. In ſome intrigue, I warrant you, ſaid Zambullo: You are right, replied Aſmodeus, and I will give you an account of it.

THIS man is a citizen, whoſe name is Patrio, one of thoſe looſe huſbands that live without thinking, as if they had neither wives nor children. Yet he has a beautiful modeſt wife, two daughters, and a ſon, all very young. He went out this morning without enquiring whether there was bread for the family, who ſometimes want it. He paſſed

by the great square, drawn thither by the preparations for the bull feasts which are to be to-day. There were scaffolds already built all round; and such as were the most eager to satisfy their curiosity had already begun to take their places.

WHILST he was gazing at every thing about him, he happened to cast an eye upon a lady very well made and neatly drest, who, in stepping down from one of the scaffolds, shewed a fine well-turned leg, with a pink-coloured silk stocking and embroidered garter. There needed no more to set our weak citizen all in a flame, who advancing up to the lady, who had another with her that plainly enough discovered by her air that they were both upon the catch; Ladies, said he to them, if I can be serviceable to you any way, pray command me, for I am very much at your service. Sir, answered the nymph with the pink-coloured stockings, your offer is too obliging to be refused; we had already taken our places, but have just left them to go to breakfast, for we have been so silly as to come out this morning without drinking so much as a dish of chocolate; and, since you are so polite as to offer us your service, go along with us, if you please, to some place where we may eat a mouthful. But let it be some private and retired place; for you know young ladies cannot be too careful of their reputation.

AT these words, Patricio, growing still more polite and well-bred than there was any occasion for, carries his princesses to a tavern in the suburbs, where he calls for a breakfast. Sir, says the landlord, what would you please to have? I have the remains of a great entertainment, made at my house yesterday, still by me; crammed chickens, partrid-

ges of Leon, pigeons of Old Castille, and more than half a ham of Estremadura. That is more than we shall have occasion for, said the gentleman-usher of these vestals. Ladies, you need only chuse: which are you for? Whatever you please, answered they, your taste shall be ours. Whereupon our citizen ordered a brace of young partridges, and two cold chickens, and a private room, seeing he was with ladies who stood so much upon their modesty.

THEY shewed him and his company into a little by-closet, whither in a moment was brought what he had ordered, with bread and wine. These ladies of honour, who were very sharp set, fell greedily upon the meat, while the cully who was to pay the reckoning amused himself with contemplating the beauty of his Luifita, for so was this lady of his affections called. He admires the whiteness of her hands, on which sparkled a large ring which she had got in the course of her business; he calls her a star, a sun, and a thousand such fine names, and is not able to eat for thinking on his good luck in meeting with her. He asked his goddess if she was married, to which she answered no, but was under a brother's care; if she had added on Adam's side, she had spoke the truth, but she did not think proper to let him into that secret.

IN the mean while the two harpies not only devoured each her chicken, but drank proportionably too. The wine was soon out, and our spark himself ran to fetch more, that they might have it the sooner; but he was hardly out of the room, when Jacintha, Luifita's companion, lays her claws upon the partridges that remained in the dish, and crams them into a linen pocket she had under her petticoat. Presently our Adonis returned with more



wine; and, observing that all the victuals was gone, asked his Venus whether she would not eat something else. Let us have, said she, some of those pigeons our landlord was mentioning, provided they be exceeding fine; if not, a slice of the ham will do. She had scarce spoke, when Patricio went back to the larder, and ordered three pigeons and a large slice of the ham. Our birds of prey began to devour afresh, and whilst their spark was obliged a third time to disappear for bread, they sent a brace of the pigeons to keep company with the prisoners in their pocket.

AFTER the repast, which concluded with such fruits as were then in season, the amorous Patricio pressed Luifita to make him those returns he expected from her gratitude, which the lady refused to comply with; but gave him some hopes, at the same time telling him there was a season for every thing, and that she thought a tavern a very unfit place to testify her acknowledgments in for the obligation she had to him. Upon which, hearing the clock strike one, she put on an air of uneasiness, saying to her companion, dear Jacintha, we are very unfortunate, we shall meet with never a place to see the bull fighting: Pardon me, answered Jacintha, this gentleman has no more to do than carry us back where he first accosted us with so much politeness, and do not be uneasy about the rest.

BEFORE they went out of the tavern, there was a necessity for settling accompts with the vintner, who made the bill amount to fifty reals: the citizen put his hand into his pocket, where finding but thirty, he was forced to pawn his beads, garnished with silver medals, for the rest. He then waited on his adventurers to the place where he met with



them, and placed them in a very convenient seat on one of the scaffolds, for which the proprietor, who was his acquaintance, gave him credit.

THEY were hardly seated, ere they asked for something to drink. I am fainting with thirst, cried one, the ham has made me so terrible dry; and I too, cried the other, could drink a glass of Limonade with pleasure. Immediately Patricio, who understood but too well what all this meant, left them, in order to go for refreshments: but stopping short, says he to himself; where art thou going, madman? methinks, thou shouldst have a hundred pistoles either in thy pocket or at home, and yet thou hast not a cross. What shall I do, continued he? Shall I return to the ladies without bringing what they desire? No, that will never do. On the other hand, shall I stop short in an affair that is so far advanced? I cannot bear the thoughts of that.

IN this perplexity, he perceives one of his friends in the crowd, who had often made him offers of friendship, which out of pride he had always refused: immediately laying aside all shame, he makes up to him in all haste, and borrows a double pistole of him; and taking heart at this fortunate accident, flies to a chocolate-house, and there buys so many liquors cooled in ice, so many biscuits and dried sweet-meats, that the doubloon was hardly enough to pay for them.

IN short, the feast concluded with the day, and our gallant waits on his ladies home, hoping thereby to gain his ends. But when they were before a house, where she said she lived, a kind of a maid came out to Luifita, and speaking with some concern, Lord, said she, where have you been so late?

Your brother Signior Don Jasper Heridor has been waiting for you above these two hours, storming and swearing like a madman; upon which the sister, pretending to be in a fright, turned to our spark, and, squeezing his hand, said, in a low voice, my brother is terribly passionate, but it is soon over; stay a little in the street, and do not be impatient, so we will go in and quiet him; and as he every night sups in the city, as soon as he goes out, Jacintha shall come and inform you of it, and conduct you into the house.

PATRICIO, comforted by this promise, kissed Luísa's hand with transport; who bestowed on him a few caresses to keep him in hope; and then went in with Jacintha and the maid. Patricio very contentedly sat himself down on a stone that was near the door, and waited a good while, without suspecting they could possibly have any design to trick him. Nothing surprised him but that he did not see Don Jasper come out, which made him fear that this cursed brother would not sup in the city.

WHILST he was thus employed in these reflexions, he hears it strike ten, eleven, twelve. Then he began to abate of his confidence, and to suspect his lady's sincerity. He goes up to the door, goes in, and gropes his way through a dark alley, in the middle of which he finds a pair of stairs. However, he dares not venture to go up, but listens attentively, and his ears are saluted with the disagreeable concert of a dog barking, a cat mewing, and a child crying. At last he begins to find he is imposed upon; and what fully convinces him is, that endeavouring to get at the end of this dark passage, he finds it to be a thorough-fare, and himself in a

different street to that in which he had so long waited.

THEN he regretted the loss of his money, and returns home cursing the pink-coloured stockings; he knocks, and his wife opens the door, with her beads in her hand, and tears in her eyes, saying, with a moving air, ah! Patricio, can you thus abandon your house, and take so little care of your wife and children? What have you been doing ever since six o'clock this morning, that you went out? The husband not knowing what answer to make, and at the same time vexed within himself for having been the dupe of these two harlots, undrest, and went to bed, without speaking a word. The wife, in a humour for moralizing, is now giving him a lecture that this moment has lulled him to sleep.

CAST your eyes, pursued Asmodeus, on that great house, beyond that of the gentleman who is writing his friends an account of breaking off his marriage with his mistress. Do you see that young lady in the rose-coloured sattin bed embroidered with gold? Yes, answered Don Cleofas, I discern a person asleep, and I think also a book on her pillow. You are right, replied Asmodeus, that lady is a very gay, witty, young countess, who being indisposed, and not able to sleep for a week, she this day resolved to send for one of the gravest physicians of this city. He came, she consulted him, and he ordered her a remedy mentioned in Hippocrates. The lady began to be merry upon his prescription; but the physician, being a peevish animal, was disgusted at her jest, and replied with his doctorial gravity; Hippocrates, Madam, is not a proper man to be ridiculed. Oh! Signior doctor, answered the countess with the most serious air that



was possible for her to put on; God forbid that I should laugh at such a celebrated and learned author! I have so great an opinion of him, that I am fully persuaded the reading of some of his tracts, only, would cure my present complaint. I have his works translated by the learned Azero, which is the best translation extant. She accordingly tried the experiment, and at the third page fell asleep.

IN the countess's stable there is a poor one-armed soldier, whom the grooms out of charity allow to lie every night on the straw. He begs in the day time, and has just now had a pleasant conversation with another beggar, that lives near Buen Retiro, in the high road that leads to the court. This last has made a good hand of it, is a warm old fellow, and has a daughter marriageable, who passes amongst these people for a rich heiress. The soldier, accosting the old gentleman, said to him, Signior Mendigo, you see I have lost my right arm, I can no longer serve his majesty, and am reduced, as you are, to the civility of passengers for a subsistence. But, of all trades, I know very well this is one that best subsists those that follow it, and that all it wants is to be a little more honourable. If it were honourable, answered the other, it would be a trade not worth following, for every body would take it up.

You say right, replied the soldier; well then, I am one of your brethren, and would fain be related to you. You shall give me your daughter. You do not think of what you say, answered the old rich fellow, she must have a better match. You are not half lame enough for my son-in-law. I would have a man in a condition to draw compassion from an usurer. Good God! said the soldier, is not my



condition deplorable enough? Fye, answered the other hastily, you who have only lost an arm, pretend to my daughter! Do you know, Sir, that I have already refused her to a fellow so lame, that he goes with his breech in a bowl?

BUT we must not pass by the house next to the countess's, where lives a drunken painter and a poet. The painter went out at seven this morning, with intent to fetch a confessor to his wife, who is at the point of death; but meeting with one of his friends, that dragged him to the tavern, he never returned till ten at night. The poet, who, as fame reports, has sometimes met with a melancholy reward for his satires, said just now in a coffee-house with a swaggering air, speaking of a man who was absent; That is a rascal to whom I must give a good drubbing; to whom an arch fellow replied, That you may very well afford to do, for you won't then be out of his debt.

I MUST not forget a scene worth your hearing, that hath this day passed at a banker's in this street, who is lately set up in this city. It is not two months since he returned from Peru laden with riches: His father is an honest cobbler in a small village about twelve leagues from hence, where he lived in great contentment with his wife, who is much about the same age with himself, that is, sixty.

IT is a long time since this banker left his parents, to go to the Indies in quest of a better fortune than they could give him. They had not seen him for above twenty years, but they frequently talked of him, and continually sent up their prayers to heaven for his preservation; and the parson being their friend, they never failed to obtain the publick prayers of the congregation for him. As

for the banker, he had not forgotten them; but as soon as he was settled, resolved to inform himself of their condition. To this purpose, after having ordered his domesticks not to expect him, he set out about a fortnight ago on horseback, without any one to attend him, and came to the place of his birth.

IT was ten at night before he got thither, and the honest cobbler was a bed with his wife, in a sound sleep, when he knocked at the door: They then waked, and asked who was there? Open the door, says the banker, it is your son Francillo. Make others believe that if you can, cried the old man; you thieving rogues, go about your business, for here is nothing for you; Francillo, if not dead, is now in the Indies. He is no longer there, he is returned home from Peru, replied the banker, and it is he that now speaks to you; open your door, and receive him. Jacobo, let us rise then, said the wife, for I really believe it is Francillo; I think I know his voice.

THEY both got up in a great hurry; the father lighted a candle, and the mother, after getting her cloaths on, with all expedition, went and opened the door. She earnestly looked on Francillo, and could no longer doubt his being her son; she flung her arms about his neck, and clasped him close to her. Jacobo, who felt no less the emotions of tenderness than his wife, did not fail to embrace his son in his turn; and all three of them, transported with the sight of one another after such a long absence, could not satisfy themselves with expressing the marks of the utmost tenderness.

AFTER these pleasing transports, the banker unsaddled and unbridled his horse, and put him into the stable, where there was a cow, the nurse to

the whole family; he then gave the old folks an account of his voyage, and all the riches that he had brought from Peru. The relation indeed was long, and would have tired any disinterested auditors; but a son, that unbosomed himself in the recital of his adventures, could not tire the attention of a father and mother. They greedily heard him, and the very least particulars which he related made in them a sensible impression of joy or sorrow.

As soon as he had ended his story, he told them he came to offer them part of his wealth, and begged of his father not to work any longer. No, my son, said Mr. Jacobo, I love my trade, and will not quit it. What, replied the banker, is it not now high time for you to give it over, and take your ease? I do not propose your coming to live with me at Madrid; I know very well that a city life would not be agreeable to you. I would not disturb your quiet way of living; but at least give over your laborious occupation, and pass your days as easily as you can.

THE mother joined in the remonstrances of her son, and master Jacobo at last yielded. Very well, Francillo, said he, to please you, I will not work any more for the publick; but will only mend my own shoes, and those of my good friend, the vicar of the parish. After this agreement, the banker, fatigued with his day's journey, eat a couple of poached eggs, and lay down to sleep by his father, with a pleasure none can have an idea of, but such as have felt the tender workings of filial piety and affection.

THE next morning, the banker, leaving them a purse of three hundred ducats, returned to Madrid; but yesterday was very much surpris'd to see Mr.

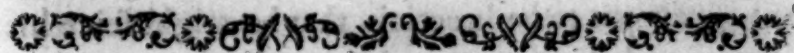


Jacobo unexpectedly at his house; My father, said he, what brought you hither? Francillo, answered the honest man, I have brought your purse, take your money again, I desire to live by my trade, I have been ready to die with uneasiness ever since I left off working. Well then, my father, replied the banker, return to your village, work at your trade, but let it be only enough to amuse you. Carry back your purse with you, and do not spare mine. Alas, what would you have me do with so much money? replied Mr. Jacobo. Comfort the poor with it, returned Francillo, bestow it as your vicar shall advise you. The cobbler, satisfied with this answer, returned this morning to his village.

DON Cleofas listened to this account with infinite pleasure; and was going to break out into praises of the honest-hearted banker, if just at that moment a very shrill cry had not called off his attention. Signior Asmodeus, cried he, what is that I hear? What confused noise strikes the air? Those are madmen, answered the devil, who are tearing their throats with singing and roaring; we are not far from the place where they are shut up. Ah, said Don Cleofas, pray do me the favour to shew me them, and give me an account wherefore they ran mad. I will immediately give you that diversion, answered the devil. As soon as he had spoke these words, he carried Don Cleofas to the top of the † Casa de los locos.

† The Mad-house, or Bedlam.





## C H A P. IX.

*Of the bedlamites.*

**Z**AMBULLO cast an attentive eye over all the different apartments, and having observed the madmen and women that were in them, Asmodeus said; you see here are mad people of both sexes, merry and sad, young and old; but I must now acquaint you with what occasioned their going mad. We will take them in order one after another, and begin with the men.

HE that is raving in the first room is a newsmonger of Castile, born in the heart of Madrid, a flaming patriot, and more touched with the honour of his country than an old Roman citizen. This man is melancholy mad, by reading in the gazette that twenty five Spaniards were beaten by fifty Portuguese.

HIS neighbour is a young clergyman, who has played the hypocrite at court for these ten years, only to obtain a living: and seeing himself continually forgotten in the promotions, despair has at last turned his head. But a very lucky circumstance for him is, that he fancies himself arch-bishop of Toledo, and if he really be not so, he has the pleasure of believing he is; and I think him still the more happy, as I look upon his madness as a golden dream, in which he will continue as long as he lives; and he will have no account to give in the next world, how he has employed the revenues of his bishoprick in this.

THE next is a young heir, whom his guardian has given out to be lunatick, that he might seize his estate; and the poor youth is really become so at last, out of pure grief to see himself shut up here. Next to him is a school-master, who has cracked his brain in search of the *paulo post futurum* of a Greek verb: And the other a merchant, whose reason could not support the news of a shipwreck, after having had the courage to bear up against the misfortune of two bankruptcies.

HE, whom you see beyond him, is old captain Zanubio, a Neapolitan gentleman, who came to settle at Madrid, and ran mad with jealousy. His story runs thus:

HE had a young wife, whose name was Aurora; he kept her out of sight; his house was inaccessible to all men. Aurora never went out but to mass, and then was always accompanied by her old Tithon, who sometimes carried her to a country-house which he had near Alcantara. A certain gentleman, whose name was Don Garcia Sacheco, having seen her at church, had conceived a violent passion for her. He was a bold young spark, and worth the regard of a young lady ill married.

THE difficulty of introducing himself to Zanubio did not discourage him; but his beard being not yet grown, and being a very beautiful youth, he dressed himself in girl's cloaths, took a purse of a hundred pistoles, and went to Zanubio's estate, whither he had been informed by good hands, that the captain and his wife would very soon come. He addressed himself to the gardener's wife, and in a romantick heroic strain said to her, I come to throw myself into your arms, take pity on me; I am of Toledo, born of a good family, and to a good for-

tune; my parents resolved to marry me to a man I hate, and I have this night escaped their tyranny, and at present want a shelter from their rage. They will never come to look for me here; permit me to stay here, till my relations come to other resolutions concerning me. Here is my purse, adds he, giving it to her, take it; 'tis all I can at present offer you. But I hope, I shall one day have it in my power to shew my gratitude more amply for the services you do me.

THE gardener's wife, touch'd with this discourse, more especially with the conclusion; My daughter, said she, I will serve you; I know several young women who are sacrific'd to old men, and withal know that they are not very well contented with them; alas! I feel part of their griefs. You could not have applied to a more proper person than myself, I will place you in a little private chamber, where no one shall see you.

DON Garcia pass'd several days here very impatiently, expecting the arrival of Aurora, who at last came, accompanied by her husband; who, according to his usual custom, searched all the apartments, closets, cellars, and garrets, to see if he could not discover any man hidden there. The gardener's wife, knowing him thoroughly, prevented his searching Don Garcia's chamber, by telling in what manner a young lady had fled to her house for refuge.

ZANUBIO, though extremely distrustful, had not the least suspicion of the deceit. He was curious to see the unknown lady, who desired to be excus'd from the discovery of her name, pretending she owed that concealment to her family, which in some measure she had dishonoured by this sort of flight. She then told her romantic tale so advan-



tageously, that the captain was charmed with it, and began to find a growing inclination for the fair unknown. He offered her his service, and, flattering himself that this might prove a lucky adventure, placed her with his wife.

As soon as Aurora saw Don Garcia she blushed, and grew disturbed, without knowing why; he perceived it, and imagined that she had observed him in the church where he had seen her: Wherefore, to satisfy himself, as soon as he could speak to her alone, he said, Madam, I have a brother has often mentioned you to me: he saw you for a moment in church; ever since that time he has called upon your name a thousand times a day, and is in a condition which indeed deserves your pity.

At these words, Aurora looked on Don Garcia more attentively than she had yet done, and answered, You too much resemble that brother for me to be any longer deluded by your artifice; I see clearly enough that you are a man in disguise: I remember that one day, when I was hearing mass, my veil suddenly flew open, and you saw me. I looked at you out of curiosity, and found your eyes always fixed on me. When I went away I believe you did not fail to follow me, to discover in what street I lived, and who I was. I believe, I say; because I durst not turn my head to observe you, because my husband, who was with me, would have been alarmed, and looked upon it as criminal. The next and the following days, I went to the same church, where I saw you again, and took so much notice of your face, that I know it again, notwithstanding your disguise.

MADAM, then, replied Don Garcia, I must unmask; Yes, I am a man, and one who is captivat-



ed by your charms: 'Tis Don Garcia Pacheco, whom love has introduced here in this dress. And you hope, without doubt, said she, that, approving your passion, I should favour this stratagem, and contribute my part to keep my husband in the error he now lies under; but there you are deceived. I will immediately discover the whole to him; I am glad of such a handsome opportunity of convincing him that his vigilance is less secure than my virtue, and that, as jealous and suspicious as he is, it is more difficult to surprize me than him.

SHE had scarce ended these words before the captain appeared; what are you talking of, ladies? said he. To which Aurora immediately answered: We are talking of those young cavaliers that attempt to get into the affections of young women who have old husbands; and I was saying, that if any of those sparks should be so rash as to presume to introduce themselves to you, under any disguise, I would very severely punish their impudence.

AND you, Madam, said Zanubio, turning towards Don Garcia, how would you treat a young gentleman on such an occasion? Don Garcia was so confounded, that he was utterly at a loss what answer to return to the captain, who must certainly have perceived the perplexity he was in, if a footman had not come to let him know, that a person was come from Madrid to speak with him.

THE moment he was gone, Don Garcia threw himself at Aurora's feet: Ah, madam! said he, what pleasure can you take in tormenting me? Will you really be so barbarous as to deliver me over to the resentment of an enraged husband? No, Pacheco, answered she smiling; young women, who have old jealous husbands, are not usually so hard-heart-

ed. Take courage, I had only a mind to divert myself by putting you into a little fright, but that shall be all; it is not making you pay too dear for my complaisance in suffering you to stay here. At these comforting words Don Garcia found all his fears vanish, and conceived hopes of success, and the kind Aurora did not baulk his expectations.

ONE day when they were mutually exchanging some marks of their good understanding in Zanubio's apartment, the captain surprized them. Though he had been a man not naturally jealous, he saw enough to engage him to believe with good reason, that this fair unknown was a cavalier disguised: enraged to the highest degree at this sight, he runs to his closet to fetch his pistols; but in the mean while the lovers escaped, double locking all the doors after them, and carrying off the keys. They got to a neighbouring village, where Don Garcia had left his valet de chambre and two horses. There putting of his woman's dress, he took Aurora behind him, and conducted her to a convent, where he desired her to enter, and assured her of a refuge there, the abbess being his aunt. This done, he returned to Madrid to wait the issue of his adventure.

IN the mean time, Zanubio, finding himself locked in, loudly called all his servants. A footman, hearing his voice, ran towards him, but the doors being locked, he could not open them. The captain endeavoured to break them open, but not being able to get out that way quick enough, yielding to his rage, he hastily flung himself out at a window, with the pistols in his hand: he fell upon his back, hurt his head, and remained senseless on the ground. His domesticks came and carried him

into the hall on a couch; they threw water upon his face, and on tormenting him, fetched him out of his fainting fit; but with his senses his rage returned: He asked for his wife. They told him that they saw her and the strange lady go out at the little garden door. He commanded them to give him his pistols immediately, and they were forced to obey him. He caused a horse to be saddled, mounting it without thinking of his wound; but happened to take a different road than that which the lovers went. He passed the whole day in a vain chace, and at night stopping at an inn in a village to repose himself, his fatigue, and the blood which he had lost, threw him into a fever and delirium, which almost carried him off.

To make short of the story; he lay fifteen days sick in that village, after which he returned to his estate, where his imagination being continually racked with reflexions upon his misfortunes, he by degrees lost his wits. Aurora's friends were no sooner informed of this, than they brought him to Madrid, and shut him up in the mad house; and his wife is yet in the convent, where they resolve she shall stay some years, as a punishment for her indiscretion, or rather misconduct, for which they only are to blame.

THE very next to Zanubio is Signior Don Blas Desdichado, a gentleman of great merit. His wife's death is the occasion of his being in the deplorable situation in which you now behold him. That is surprizing, said Don Cleofas: What! a husband run mad for the death of a wife! really I did not think conjugal love could be carried so high. Not so fast, interrupted Asmodeus, Don Blas did not run mad with grief for the loss of his wife, but for



being forced to restore fifty thousand ducats to his wife's relations, according to the marriage contract, in case they had no children, which is this gentleman's misfortune.

OH, that alters the affair, said Leandro, now I am no longer surprized at it. But pray tell me who that young man is in the next room, that is skipping about like a kid, and, stopping now and then, bursts out into a laugh, and holds his sides all the while. That is a merry madman, replied the cripple, and his madness was caused by an excess of joy. He was a porter to a person of quality, but hearing one day of the death of a rich contador, whose only heir he was, he was not proof against so joyful a piece of news, and so his head turned.

WE are now come to that tall youth who plays upon the guitar, and accompanies it with his voice. He is a melancholy madman, a lover whom the severities of his mistress have reduced to this condition. Ah, how I pity him, cried the student, I cannot help deploring his misfortune; it may be every honest gentleman's case. If I should be smitten by a cruel beauty, I do not myself know whether I should not lose my wits. By this sentiment you shew yourself to be a true Castilian; one must be born in the very middle of Castile to be capable of ever running melancholy mad for being unable to please. Frenchmen are not affected so tenderly, and if you will know the difference betwixt a Frenchman and a Spaniard on this point, I need only repeat that song which the madman sings, and has just this minute composed.



## A Spanish love-song.

I weep, I sigh, to cure my smart,  
Which I endure from love's sharp dart:  
Yet sighs do not my flames assuage,  
That burn, thus blown, with double rage.

THUS sings the Spanish cavalier, when his mistress has used him ill; and on the same occasion a Frenchman, a few days since, thus expressed himself:

## A French love-song.

Th' ungrateful object of my love  
Is deaf to all my pray'rs:  
Her cruel heart no sighs can move,  
Nor is she soften'd by my tears.  
Was ever mortal curs'd like me!  
The light, and ever-glorious sun,  
Henceforth abandon'd will I shun,  
And in the grave with Payen lie.

I SUPPOSE this Payen is a vintner, said Don Cleofas. You have guessed right, said the devil. Let us proceed to examine the rest. No, said Leandro, let us rather take a view of the women, for I am impatient to see them. I will comply with your impatience presently, replied the spirit, but there are two or three unfortunate people that I should be glad to shew you first; perhaps you may reap some advantage by the knowledge of their misfortunes.

IN the next room to the man playing on the guitar, don't you see a pale meagre face, grinding his

teeth, and looking as if he intended to swallow the iron bars of his window? That is an honest fellow, born under so unlucky a planet, that with all the merit in the world, and twenty years endeavours, he has not been able to secure himself bread. He ran mad at seeing a low worthless fellow of his acquaintance mount in one day to the highest pinnacle of fortune, by nothing but his knowledge of arithmetick.

THE next to him is an old secretary, whose noddle is cracked by the ingratitude of a courtier, whom he had served for sixty years. He is a servant whose zeal and fidelity can never be sufficiently commended, for he never asked any thing, but was satisfied with letting his care and services speak for him. Yet his master, who was not a man like Archelaus king of Macedon, who denied favours when asked, and bestowed them unasked, is dead without making him any recompence; and left him but just enough to pass his days here in misery, and among mad-men.

I SHALL shew you but one more, and that is he leaning with his elbows on the window, buried in profound meditation. This is Signior Hidalgo of Tafalla, a small town in Navarre; he removed to Madrid, and employed his money to a fine purpose; for he was mad enough to make an acquaintance with all the wits of the town, and treat them every day of his life. Every day was a day of entertainment at his house, and though the authors, an ungrateful and churlish tribe, laughed at him whilst they were eating him up; yet he never would rest till he had spent all his little fortune upon them. No doubt, said Zambullo, he is run mad with vexation at having ruined himself so foolishly; quite

the contrary, replied Asmodeus, it is to see himself not in a condition to continue the same life.

Now we come, continued he, to the women. How comes it, said the student, that I see but seven or eight? there are fewer women mad than I thought. All of them are not here, replied the dæmon smiling; but, in another part of the city, there is a great house quite full of them. I will carry you thither this minute, if you please. There is no occasion for that, answered Don Cleofas, I will content myself with what are here. You are in the right, replied the cripple, for they are almost all young ladies, and of distinction; and you may judge by the neatness of their rooms, that they are not women of common rank. But let me inform you of the causes of their distraction.

THE first is a corregidor's lady, whose head was turned by the outrageous passion she fell into at being called a cit by a court lady. The second is wife to the treasurer general of the council of the Indies; and she is run mad with vexation at being obliged to turn her coach in a narrow street, to make way for that of the dutchess of Medina Celi's. The third is a merchant's widow, out of her wits with spite for losing a great lord, whom she hoped to marry. And the fourth is a young lady of quality, called Donna Beatrix, whose story I must tell you.

THIS lady had a friend called Donna Mencia, whom she saw every day. A knight of the order of St. Jago, a well-made gallant young fellow, became acquainted with them, and soon made them rivals: for they both vigorously disputed his heart, but he inclined to Donna Mencia's side, whom he not long after married.

DONNA Beatrix, jealous of the power of her



charms, conceived a mortal spite at having the preference given against her; and, like a right Spaniard, entertained a violent desire of revenge, when she received a letter from Don Jacintho de Romarate, another lover of Donna Mencia's, wherein he tells her, that being as much mortified at her mistress's wedding as she herself was, he had resolved to fight the gentleman who had taken her from him.

THIS was a very agreeable letter to Donna Beatrix, who desiring nothing more than the death of the offender, wished only that Don Jacintho would take away his rival's life; but whilst she was impatiently waiting for so christian-like a satisfaction, it happened that her own brother, having accidentally quarrelled with Don Jacintho, they drew, and he received two wounds, of which he died. It was Donna Beatrix's duty to prosecute the murderer, which however she neglected, in order to give him time to fight the knight of St. Jago; and this proves that a woman holds no consideration so dear as that of her beauty. And it was thus Pallas behaved to Ajax, after he had ravished Cassandra: For the goddess did not immediately punish the sacrilegious Greek, who had just been prophaning her temple, but resolved he should contribute towards revenging her for the judgment of Paris. But, alas! Donna Beatrix was not so lucky in this case as Minerva, for she has not tasted the sweets of revenge; for Romarate perished in his rencounter with the knight, and the lady's chagrin, to see an affront which had been offered her go unpunished, has turned her brain.

THE two next ladies, are an attorney's grandmother, and an old marchioness. The former having sufficiently plagued her grand-son by her ill-



nature, he has very fairly shut her up here, in order to be rid of her. The other is a lady who has all her life-time idolized her own beauty. Instead of growing old with a good grace, she was perpetually bemoaning the decay of her charms, and at last one day happening to look into a glass that did not flatter, fell mad.

As for the old marchioness, said Leandro, I think it is a lucky accident; as her mind is disordered, perhaps she no longer finds that time has made any alteration in her person. No, certainly, replied the devil; far from seeing any thing like age in her face, her complexion seems to her a mixture of lilies and roses, the loves and graces appear at her side, and, in short, she believes herself to be actually the goddess Venus. Well then, replied the student, is not she happier in her madness, than if she could see herself such as she really is? Doubtless she is, said Asmodeus—but hold;—there is but one lady more; she is in the furthest room, who is just fallen into a deep sleep after three days and nights of raving. Her name is Donna Emerenciana. Examine her well; what do you think of her? I think her perfectly handsome, answered Zambullo. What pity it is, so charming a creature should be mad! By what accident has she been reduced to so deplorable a condition? Listen attentively, replied the cripple, and I shall relate you the story of her misfortune.

DONNA Emerenciana was the only daughter of Don Guillem Stephani, and lived happily at her father's house in Sigüenza, till Don Ximeres de Lizana interrupted her quiet, by the gallantries he put in practice to please her. She was not only sensible of the cavalier's assiduities, but was so weak as

to help forward the stratagems he employed to procure means to speak to her, and soon gave him her faith, and received his.

THESE two lovers were of equal rank, in regard to their families; but the lady was one of the best fortunes in Spain, whereas Don Ximenes was no more than a younger brother. There was still another obstacle to their union. Don Guillem hated the family of Lizana; which he shewed but too plainly by his discourse, whenever that family was the subject of conversation. He seemed even to have a greater aversion for Don Ximenes, than for the rest of his race. Emerenciana, greatly afflicted to see her father in such a disposition, took it as an ill omen to her love. However, she did not scruple to give a loose to her inclinations, and to converse privately with Lizana, who was introduced to her from time to time at night by the means of her waiting-woman.

ONE of these nights it happened, that Don Guillem, who by chance waked just as the lover was coming in, imagined he heard some noise in his daughter's apartment, which was not far from his own. There needed no more to make so distrustful a parent uneasy. However, as suspicious as he was, Emerenciana's conduct had been so artful, that he never suspected her correspondence with Don Ximenes. But not being one of that sort of men who carry their confidence too far, he got up very softly, went and opened a window that looked into the street, and had the patience to stay there, till he saw Lizana go down by a rope ladder into the street, and knew him by the light of the moon.

WHAT a sight was this for Stephani, the most revengeful and barbarous man that Sicily, the coun-

try of his nativity, ever produced! He did not immediately yield to the dictates of his passion, but carefully avoided making a noise, which might have deprived him of the principal victim of his resentment. He put a constraint upon himself, and waited till his daughter was up the next day before he went into her apartment. There, finding himself alone with her, and looking at her with eyes sparkling with fury and indignation; Wretch, said he, who, notwithstanding thy noble blood, art not ashamed to be guilty of the most infamous actions, prepare to receive the just punishment of thy crimes. This steel, added he, drawing a poignard out of his bosom, this steel shall be the immediate instrument of thy death, if thou dost not confess the truth. Tell me the name of that audacious villain who came hither last night to dishonour my house.

EMERENCIANA remained quite speechless, and so confounded at her father's threats, that she could not utter a word. Ah! wretch, continued her father, thy silence and confusion inform me but too plainly of thy guilt. And dost thou imagine, daughter unworthy of me, that I am ignorant of what has passed? Last night I saw the audacious villain, it is Don Ximenes. It was not enough to admit a cavalier into thy apartment at night, but he must be my mortal enemy too. But come, let us know how far I am injured. Speak without reserve, for it is by that alone you can expect to avoid instant death.

THE lady at these words conceiving hopes of escaping the dismal fate that threatened her, recovered in some measure from her fright, and answered Don Guillem thus: My lord, said she, I could not help hearing Lizana, but heaven is witness of the purity of his sentiments. As he knows you are at



enmity with his family, he has not yet dared to ask your consent ; and it was only to confer together about the means of obtaining it, that I sometimes granted him admission. And whom did you both make use of, replied Stephani, to convey your letters to each other ? One of your pages, answered the lady, did us that service. That is all I wanted to know, replied the father : and I will presently put in execution the scheme I have formed. Whereupon, with the dagger still in his hand, he made her take pen and ink, and write her lover the following billet, which he dictated himself.

“ DEAREST husband, only joy of my life, I  
“ send this to acquaint you that my father is just  
“ gone into the country, from whence he will not  
“ return till to-morrow. Make use of the opportunity. I flatter myself that you will wait for night  
“ as impatiently as I do.”

WHEN Emerenciana had written and sealed this perfidious billet, Don Guillem bid her call the page who had so well acquitted himself of the commission he had been charged with, and ordered him to carry that letter to Don Ximenes. But do not hope to deceive me, added he, for I will lie concealed somewhere here, and observe thee narrowly when thou givest it to him ; and if thou sayest a word to him, or givest him the least sign that may make him suspect the message, I will immediately plunge the dagger in thy heart. Emerenciana knew her father's temper too well to venture upon disobeying him. She gave the billet into the page's hands as usual.

STEPHANI then put up the poignard, but did not leave his daughter one moment all the day ; he would not let her speak to any body in private, and



managed so well, that Lizana could receive no information of the snare that was laid for him. The young gentleman therefore did not fail to be punctual to the assignation. Scarce was he got within the doors, when he found himself immediately laid hold on by three lusty fellows, who disarmed him without giving him an opportunity of defending himself, gagged him for fear of his crying out, and tied his hands behind him. At the same instant they put him, in this condition, into a coach, that had been prepared for the purpose; and all three went into it, to make sure of the cavalier, whom they conducted to Stephani's country-seat, situated near the village of Miedes, about four short leagues from Siguença. Don Guillem set out immediately after them in another coach, with his daughter, two maids, and an old ill-natured duenna, whom he had hired that afternoon. He took with him the rest of his family, except an old domestic, who knew nothing of the carrying away of Lizana.

BEFORE day-break they all arrived at Miedes. Stephani's first care was to see Don Ximenes shut up in a dungeon, which let in a small glimmering by a hole too straight for a man to get through. He then ordered Julio, a servant privy to his designs, to give him no other nourishment than bread and water, nor any other bed than straw, and to say to him every time he carried him his allowance, "Here, base seducer, this is the way Don Guillem treats those that dare injure him."

THE cruel Sicilian used his daughter with no less severity; he shut her up in a room that had no prospect, would not allow her any servant to attend her, and set the duenna he had pitched upon over her, for her jailor; a duenna that could not be

paralleled in the world for tormenting young ladies committed to her charge.

IN this manner he disposed of the two lovers; but his intention was not to stop there. He determined to have Don Ximenes murdered; but was greatly puzzled how he should commit that crime with impunity. As he made use of his own servants to carry off the cavalier, he could not hope that a fact, known to so many, could perpetually remain a secret. What then was to be done to escape the pursuit of justice? He determined upon an expedient, which shewed him to be a compleat villain. He called together his accomplices into a small house separate from the castle. He told them how pleased he was with their zeal, and, in acknowledgment, promised them a large reward, after he had entertained them. He made them sit down to table, and in the midst of the entertainment, Julio poisoned them, by his order. Then the master and the man set fire to the house, and before the flames could bring in the inhabitants of the village about him, they assassinated Emerenciana's two maids, and the little page I mentioned before, and then threw their bodies to the rest. In a short time the house was all in flames, and burnt to the ground, notwithstanding all the neighbouring peasants could do to extinguish it. All this while the Sicilian was to be seen shewing all the signs of a most immoderate grief. He appeared inconsolable at the loss of his servants.

HAVING in this manner made himself sure of the fidelity of such, in whose power it was to have betrayed him, he thus addressed himself to his confidant. Dear Julio, now I am at rest, and may take away Don Ximenes's life whenever I please. But

before I sacrifice him to my revenge, I will enjoy the charming pleasure of seeing him suffer a little. The misery and horror of a long imprisonment will be more cruel to him than death. And, indeed, Lizana was continually bewailing his ill fortune, and, being persuaded he should never get out of the dungeon, wished to be freed from his sufferings by a sudden death.

BUT in vain did Stephani hope for quiet, even after what he had done. In three days a fresh uneasiness came upon him. He was apprehensive that Julio, when he carried the prisoner his food, might be gained over by his promises; and that fear made him determine to hasten the death of the one, and then to shoot the other. Julio too on his side was not without his fears; and judging that his master, after ridding himself of Don Ximenes, might very probably sacrifice him to his own safety, formed the design of making his escape the first opportunity, and carrying off with him what moveables he most conveniently could.

THESE were the contrivances of those two good men, each unknown to the other, when they were one day both surprised about a hundred paces from the castle by fifteen or twenty archers of the holy brotherhood, who surrounded them, immediately crying out, By order of the king and of justice. At this sight Don Guillem turned pale, and was confounded. However setting a good face upon the matter, he asked the commandant, whom his business was with? With yourself, answered the officer. You are charged with carrying away Don Ximenes de Lizana. I am ordered to make a strict search for that gentleman all over your castle, and to secure your person. Stephani, being



convinced by this answer that he was undone, fell into a violent rage. He drew out a pair of pistols, insisted he would not suffer his house to be searched, and threatened to shoot the commandant if he did not presently march off with his men. The captain, despising his threats, advanced upon the Sicilian, who let off a pistol at him, and wounded him in the face. But that wound cost the rash man that gave it his life; for two or three archers let fly at him that instant, and, to revenge their officer, laid him dead on the spot. As for Julio, he surrendered himself without any resistance, and did not give them the trouble of asking whether Don Ximenes was in the castle, but confessed every thing: However, seeing his master lifeless, he threw all the villainy upon him.

IN short, he took the commandant and his archers to the dungeon, where they found Lizana fast bound lying upon straw. The unhappy gentleman, who lived in continual expectation of death, thought that so many men in arms were not come thither upon any other design than to kill him: but was agreeably surprised to find that they, whom he took for his executioners, were his deliverers. When they had unbound and brought him out of the dungeon, he thanked them for his deliverance, and asked them how they came to know he was confined in that castle. That is, said the commandant, what I am going to tell you in a few words.

THE night you was carried off, pursued he, one of those concerned in it, who had a sweetheart that lived a few doors from Stephani, going to take his leave of her before he set out, was so indiscreet as to discover Stephani's project to her. The wo-



man kept it secret for two or three days; but as the report of the fire at Miedes began to spread all over Siguença, and as it seemed strange to every body, that the Sicilian's servants should all perish in it, she bethought herself that it might be the handy-work of Don Guillem. So, to revenge her lover, she went to Don Felix, your father, and made a discovery of every thing she knew. Don Felix, frightened to see you at the mercy of a man capable of any thing, carried the woman before the corregidor, who having examined her, did not doubt but Stephani intended you should suffer the longest and most cruel torments, and that he was the horrid contriver of the fire. And, resolving to go to the bottom of the affair, sent me an order to Retortillo, where I live, to mount, and hasten hither with my brigade, in order to search for you, and bring Don Guillem alive or dead. I performed my commission, in what relates to you, with success; but am extremely sorry it is out of my power to carry the criminal to Siguença alive. He put us under a necessity of killing him by the resistance he made.

THE officer, having ended his story thus, said to Don Ximenes; Signior cavalier, I am going to draw up informations of all that has happened here, after which we will set out, in order to comply with the impatience you must be in of ridding your family of the uneasiness they feel upon your account. Sir, cried Julio, I will furnish you with fresh matter to enlarge your informations. You have still another prisoner to set at liberty. Donna Emerenciana is locked up in a dark room, where a merciless duenna is continually mortifying her, and never allows her a moment's rest. O heavens, cri-

ed Lizana, the cruel Stephani then was not satisfied with exercising his barbarity upon me only ! let us go this moment and deliver that unhappy lady from the tyranny of her governante.

THEREUPON Julio carried the commandant, and Don Ximenes, with five or six archers, to the chamber which served Don Guillem's daughter for a prison. They knocked at the door, and the duenna came and opened it. It is easy to conceive the joy that Lizana felt at the sight of his mistress, after he had despaired of ever possessing her. He perceived his hope return, or rather he could not doubt of his happiness, since the only person that could pretend to oppose it was dead. As soon as he saw Emerenciana, he ran and threw himself at her feet; but who can express his concern, when, instead of meeting with a mistress ready to receive his transports, he found no body but a lady bereft of her senses? In effect, she had been so tormented by the duenna, that she was run mad. She continued some time in deep thought, then on a sudden imagining she was the fair Angelica, besieged by the Tartars in the fortress of Albraca, she considered all the men that were in her room as so many Paladins come to her assistance. She took the captain of the holy brotherhood for Orlando, Lizana for Brandismart, Julio for Hubert of the Lion, and the archers for Antifort, Claron, Adrian, and the two sons of the Marquis Oliver. She received them with great politeness, saying, brave knights, I no longer dread the emperor Agrican nor queen Marphisa: Your valour is sufficient to defend me against all the warriors in the universe.

AT this extravagant discourse, the officer and archers could not help laughing. But it was far o-

therwise with Don Ximenes, who, sensibly afflicted to see his mistress in so sad a condition for his sake, was, in his turn, near losing his senses. However, he still flattered himself, she might be brought to herself, and in this hope, my dear Emerenciana, said he, with a tender air, see here your Lizana. Recollect your wandering thoughts. Know that our misfortunes are at an end. Heaven would not suffer two hearts, it had joined, to be separated: and the inhuman parent, who has used us so ill, has now no longer power over either of us.

THE daughter of king Galafron's answer to this was a discourse addressed to the valiant defenders of Albraca, who for once forbore laughing. The commandant himself, though naturally very far from being tender-hearted, felt some touches of compassion, and said to Don Ximenes, whom he saw born down by his grief, Signior cavalier, do not despair of your mistress's recovery. You have physicians at Siguença, who by their skill may accomplish it. But let us not stay here any longer. You, lord Hubert of the Lion, added he, speaking to Julio, you know where the stables of the castle are, take with you Antifort, and the two sons of the Marquis Oliver. Chuse the best steeds there, and put them into the princess's chariot. In the mean time I will draw up my informations.

UPON this, he took out of his pocket an inkhorn and paper, and, having written what he thought proper, presented his hand to Angelica to help her down stairs into the court-yard; where the Paladins had got a coach with four mules ready to set out. He put the lady and Don Ximenes into it, and then went in himself; he took the duenna with him too, whose deposition he thought the corregidor would



be glad of. That was not all; by the captain of the brigade's order, Julio was chained, and put into another coach with Don Guillem's corpse. The archers then remounted their horses, and they all set out for Sigüenza.

DURING their journey, Stephani's daughter said a thousand extravagant things, which were so many stabs to the heart of Lizana. He could not look on the duenna without falling into a passion. It is you, cruel old hag, said he, it is you that have harrassed Emerenciana by your cruel treatment, and turned her brain. The governante excused herself with an hypocritical air, and threw all the blame on the deceased. It is to Don Guillem only, answered she, that this misfortune is owing. That cruel unrelenting father came every day, and terrified his daughter with his menaces, which at last turned her brain.

As soon as the commandant arrived at Sigüenza, he went and gave an account of his commission to the corregidor, who immediately examined Julio and the duenna, and committed them both to prison in this city, where they still remain. He also examined Lizana, who then took his leave, and went home to his father's, where he turned their sorrow and uneasiness into joy. As for Donna Emerenciana, the corregidor took care to send her to Madrid, where she had an uncle by her mother's side. This good relation, who only wanted to have the management of his niece's estate, could not handsomely avoid appearing to desire her recovery, and applied to the most celebrated physicians: Nor had he any occasion to repent it; for, after all their pains had been thrown away, they pronounced her incurable. Upon this decision, the guardian im-

mediately shut her up here, where, according to all probability, she will remain the rest of her life.

CRUEL destiny! cried Don Cleofas; my heart bleeds for her. Donna Emerenciana deserved a better fate. And what is become of Don Ximenes? continued he; I should be glad to know what course he has taken. A very wise one, replied Asmodeus. When he saw the evil was without remedy, he set out for New Spain: He hopes his travels will by degrees wear out of his mind the remembrance of a lady, whom his interest and repose require he should forget.—But, pursued the devil, having shewn you the shut up mad folks, I must let you see others, who, though not confined, deserve to be so.



## C H A P. X.

*The subject of which is inexhaustible.*

LET us now turn our eyes towards the other parts of the city, and as I discover any subjects which deserve to be placed amongst those that are here, I will give you their respective characters. I see one already, whom I must take notice of. It is a new-married man, who eight days since was told of the coquetting tricks of a jilt that he loved; enraged he goes to her, breaks one part of her furniture, throws the other out at the window, and the next day marries her. Such a man as this, said Don Cleofas, certainly deserves the first vacancy in this house. He has a neighbour not much wiser than himself, replied Asmodeus; it is a bat-

chelor of forty-five, who has sufficient to live on, and yet would enter himself in a nobleman's service. I see a lawyer's widow, a good woman who is above sixty; her husband is just dead, and she is going to retire into a nunnery to secure her reputation, as she says, from the scandal of malicious tongues.

I PERCEIVE a couple of virgins of above fifty, each making vows to heaven to take their father, who keeps them as close locked up as though they were under age. They hope, after the old gentleman's death, they shall find handsome men that will marry them for love. And why not? said the student: There are men in the world of as whimsical a taste as that. I allow it, replied Asmodeus; it is not impossible they should find husbands, but they ought not to flatter themselves with such hopes; it is therein consists their folly.

THERE is no country in the world where the women are willing to tell their age truly. About a month since, a maid of forty-eight, and a wife of sixty-nine, went before a commissary to testify for a widow of their acquaintance, whose reputation had been slandered. The commissary first interrogated the married woman on her age, and tho' it was as plainly expressed in her forehead as in the church register, she yet boldly ventured to say she was but forty. He next interrogated the maiden lady: And you, Madam, said he, how old are you? Let us pass on to the other questions, Sir, answered she, for this is an improper one to put to us. You do not take the matter right, Madam, replied the commissary; do you not know that in judicial cases the truth ought always to be told? No law obliges us to it, answered the maiden ha-



stily. But, then I cannot take your deposition, said he, if your age be not to it, for it is a material circumstance. If it is absolutely necessary, replied she, look upon me intently, and put my age down according to the dictates of your conscience.

THE commissary looked in her face, and was polite enough to set her down twenty-eight. He then asked whether she had long known the widow: I knew her before her marriage, said she. Then I have mistaken your age, replied he, in setting you down but twenty-eight, for it is twenty-nine years since the widow was married. Well, Sir, returned the maiden, write me down thirty then; I might at a year old know the widow. That will not be regular, replied he, let us add a dozen. No indeed, interrupted she; all that I can possibly afford to add is one year more, and I would not put a month more if it were to save my reputation.

WHEN these two ladies were gone from the commissary's, the married woman said to the other, What do you think of that old fool, who took us for such simpletons as to give a true account of our age? It is not enough—indeed that they are registered in the parish books, but this rude fellow would have them upon his papers, that all the world may know them. Would it not be fine to hear it bawled out in court, Mrs. Richards aged threescore, and Mrs. Perinelle aged forty-five, depose so and so? Well, I bantered him sufficiently, I sunk a good round twenty years upon him, and you have done very well in suppressing so many. What do you call so many? answered the maiden very smartly: You rally me, I am at most

but five and thirty. Hah! replied the other with an angry air, who do you tell so? I saw you born. It is a long time since indeed: I remember to have seen your father; when he died he was not young, and it is now above forty years. Oh my father, my father, hastily interrupted the virgin, enraged at the other's freedom; when my father married my mother, it is well known he was too old to be able to get children.

I OBSERVE in the same house, continued the spirit, two men who are not over-wise: one is the only son of the family, who can neither keep any money, nor be without it. When he is flush of money, he buys books, and when it begins to be low with him, he sells them for half what they cost him. The other is a foreign painter, who draws women's pictures; he is a man of genius, paints well, draws correctly, and hits a likeness extraordinary well, but does not flatter; and yet is so vain as to think he should be crouded with business. *Inter stultos referatur.*

How, said the student, you speak Latin to a miracle! Are you surprized at that, replied the dæmon? I speak all languages in perfection, even not excepting that of Athens, which I speak a hundred times better than a certain set of men who at present value themselves on speaking well, and yet I am neither the greater fool, nor the vainer for it.

CAST your eye into that great house on the left hand, on a sick lady, surrounded by several women who wait upon her. It is the widow of a famous rich architect, who is over run with an affectation of nobility; she has this day made her will, by which she bequeaths her immense riches wholly to persons of rank; not that she so much as knows

any one of them, but only for the sake of their great titles. She was asked whether she would not leave something to a certain person to whom she lay under great obligations: Alas no, answered she, and I am concerned at it; I am not so ungrateful as not to own he has done me considerable services; but he is but a yeoman, and his name would disgrace my will.

SIGNIOR Asmodeus, interrupted Don Cleofas, I beg you would inform me whether that old man, whom I see reading so hard in a closet, may not perhaps deserve to be placed here? He deserves it beyond dispute, answered the daemon. He is an old Licenciado in divinity, and is reading a proof of a book he has at the press. The subject must certainly be moral or divine, said the student: No, replied the devil, it is a miscellany of lewd poems which he has written; instead of committing them to the flames, or at least suffering them to die with their author, he prints them in his life time, for fear his heirs should not be inclined to publish them after his death; or, out of regard to his character, should deprive them of all their spirit and energy.

I SHOULD do wrong to pass by a little woman, who lives with the licentiate. She is so much possessed with her very small merit, that she is drawing up a list of her lovers, in which she inserts all men in general who ever spoke to her.

BUT let us come to a rich prebendary that I discern about two paces farther, tainted with a very particular folly. He lives frugally, though it is neither for mortification, nor sobriety; but to amass riches. For what? to distribute in alms? no. He buys pictures, rich furniture, jewels, china, and baubles; not to enjoy the use of them dur-



ing his life, but only to make a figure in his inventory.

WHAT you tell me is unnatural and forced, interrupted the student. Is there really a man in the world of this character? Yes, I tell you, replied Asmodeus, he is one of that sort of madmen. Does he, for instance, buy a very fine cabinet; he causes it to be packed up neatly, and locked up in his garret, that it may appear perfectly new to the brokers who are to buy it after his decease. In short, he pleases himself with the thoughts that the inventory of his goods will be admired.

LET us proceed to one of his neighbours, whom you will think full as mad; he is a batchelor, and lately come to Madrid from the Philippine islands with a vast estate, left him by his father, who was auditor of the court of Manilla; his conduct is very surprising; for he is to be seen passing the whole day in the antichamber of the king, and of the chief minister. Not that he has the ambition to solicit any great post; no, he neither desires nor asks any. How then! say you, does he go thither purely to make his court? You are farther off still: he never speaks to the minister, neither is he known to him, nor desires to be so. What then can his motives be? Why this: he would persuade the world he has an interest there.

A VERY diverting original, cried the student bursting into a laugh! but this is giving ones self a great deal of trouble to very little purpose; and I think you are in the right to rank him amongst such mad people as ought to be confined. Oh! as to that, replied the cripple, I shall shew you a great many more whom it would be wrong to think a whit more in their senses; for example, do but look

into that great house where you see so many wax tapers lighted up, and three men and two ladies round a table. Now these people have just supped, and are at present sat down to cards in order to spend the rest of the night, after which they will part: and this is the life these gentlemen and ladies lead. They meet regularly every night, and part at day-break to go to sleep, till darkness has banished the sight of the sun, and of the beauties of nature. Would you not say, to see them in the midst of so many candles, that they are so many dead people waiting for the last office being done them? Well then, said Don Cleofas, there is no occasion for shutting up these fools, they are so already.

I SEE a man fast asleep, replied the cripple, whom I love, and who has a particular affection for me, a man moulded according to my heart's desire. He is an old graduate, who idolizes the fair sex. You cannot mention a pretty girl to him, but you find he listens to you with an extraordinary pleasure. If you tell him she has a small mouth, red lips, ivory teeth, or a complexion of alabaster; in a word, if you are the least particular in your description, he sighs at every feature, his eyes sparkle, and his whole frame is in ecstasy of rapture. It is but two days since passing by a shoemaker's shop in Alcala street, he stopped short to admire a very small woman's slipper he saw there; and having surveyed it with much more attention than it deserved, he said with a languishing air to a gentleman that was with him, Ah, my dear friend, there is a slipper that enchants me! what a charming pretty foot that must be, that it was made for! but let us be gone, for I am too much delighted with it, and it is dangerous to pass through this street.

WE must mark this graduate in black, said Leandro Perez. Right, replied Asmodeus, we must so; nor must his next neighbour be marked with white: an original of an auditor, who, because he has an equipage, blushes with shame when ever he is obliged to make use of a hackney-coach. And I think we may place in the same rank one of his relations, a Licenciado, who, though he has a dignity of a vast revenue in a church at Madrid, yet almost always goes in a hackney-coach, to save two very neat ones, and four fine mules of his own, that he has in the stable.

IN the neighbourhood of the worthy graduate and auditor, I perceive a man who must not be denied the justice of being placed among the mad folks; a cavalier of sixty making love to a young creature. He sees her every day, and imagines he will be agreeable to her, by entertaining her with the conquests he made in his younger days, and would have her esteem him for his having been formerly genteel and pretty.

IN the same number with this gentleman, let us place another who is asleep about ten paces from us, a French count who is come to Madrid to see the Spanish court. This old nobleman is above seventy, and in his youth made a figure at the court of his own king; every body at that time admired his shape, and gallant air, but his taste and manner of dress was delightful. Now this gentleman has preserved all his cloaths, and worn them these fifty years in spite of the fashion, which in his country changes every day. But the most diverting circumstance is, that he imagines he has the same graces at present which were admired in his youth.

WE need not consider upon this matter, said



Don Cleofas; let this French lord go into the number of those that ought to be boarders at the *Casa de los locos*. I keep a room there, replied the dæmon, for a lady that lives in a garret on one side the count's palace. She is an elderly widow, who, out of excess of tenderness to her children, has made over all her estate to them, excepting a very small allowance to subsist on, which her children are obliged to make her, and which out of gratitude they take care not to pay.

I MUST likewise send thither an old batchelor of a good family, who no sooner has a ducat in his pocket than it is gone; and yet, not being able to support the want of money, will do any thing to come at it. About a fortnight ago his laundress, to whom he owed thirty pistoles, came and begged he would pay her, telling him she wanted it in order to be married to a valet de chambre who courted her. Thou must have other money then, said he, for what devil of a valet de chambre would have thee for fifty pistoles? Oh dear! yes, Sir, said she, I have two hundred ducats besides. Two hundred ducats! said he eagerly, gadso! thou hast nothing to do, but to give them to me, and I will marry thee, and so we are even. She took him at his word, and is now his wife.

LET us keep three places for those three men just come from supping in the city, who are now stepping into that house on the right, where they live. One of them is a count who sets up for a lover of polite learning: The other is his brother, a Licenciado; and the third is a wit that hangs on them. They are always inseparable, and never visit asunder. The count's sole business is to praise himself; that of the licenciado, to praise his elder

brother and himself: but the wit's business is of a larger extent, he praises both of them, intermixing his own commendations with theirs.

Two more places must be kept; one for an old citizen, a great florist, who, having scarce enough to support himself and his family, is for keeping a gardener and his wife, to look after a dozen of flowers in his garden. The other is an actor, who, complaining of the disadvantages incident to that way of life, said the other day to some of his companions, Indeed, gentlemen, I am quite weary of this way of life; nay I would even rather be an inconsiderable country gentleman of a thousand ducats a year.

LET me turn on which side I will, continued Asmodeus, I meet with nothing but people disordered in their senses. There is a knight of Calatrava, so proud and vain at his having a secret intrigue with the daughter of a grandee, that he thinks himself upon a footing with the greatest nobleman at court. He is like Villius, who fancied himself Sylla's son-in-law, because he had an affair with the dictator's daughter. The comparison is the more just, as this knight, like the Roman, has a Longarenus, that is to say, a good for nothing fellow of a rival, that is more in her good graces than himself.

ONE would be apt to imagine that the same men from time to time spring up again, only with different features. For in that minister's secretary one may discover Bollanus who kept no measures with any body, and affronted every man whose countenance did not please him: in that old president one sees Fusidius over again, who used to lend his money cent. per cent. and Marsæus, who gave his family-seat to the comedian Origo, lives again in

that heir of the family who is wasting in debauchery the money he received for a country-house he has near the Escorial, with an actress.

ASMODEUS was going to proceed, when on a sudden he heard the tuning of instruments, upon which he broke off, and said to Don Cleofas; At the corner of this street there are some musicians going to serenade the daughter of an Alcalde of the court; and if you have a mind to be present at it, you need only speak. I love these concerts mightily, answered Zambullo; let us go there, perhaps there may be some fingers amongst them. He had scarce spoken, when he found himself upon the house adjoining to that of the Alcalde.

THE instruments began the concert with several Italian airs, after which two songsters sung alternately the following couplets.

First couplet.

*Si de tu hermosura quieres:  
Una copia con mil gracias;  
Escucha, porque pretenda  
El pintar la.*

Second couplet.

*Es tu frente toda nieve  
Y el alabastro; batallas  
Ofrecio al amor, haziendo  
En ella vaya.*



## Third couplet.

*Amor labro de tus cejas  
 Dos arcos para su aljava  
 Y debaxo ha descubierto  
 Quien le mata.*

## Fourth couplet.

*Eres duenna de el lugar,  
 Vandolera de las almos,  
 Iman de los alvedrias,  
 Linda alhaja.*

## Fifth couplet.

*Un rasgo de tu hermosura  
 Quisiera yo retratar la,  
 Que es estrella, es cielo, es sol;  
 No es sino el alva.*

## First couplet.

If you, fair creature, want to know  
 With what heavenly charms you glow;  
 Attention give to every line,  
 You phoenix, you more charming than the nine.

## Second couplet.

More charming than light is your face  
 With blushes of celestial grace:  
 Th' immortals all above you charm,  
 And Cupid of his fiery darts disarm.

## Third couplet.

Your sparkling eyes are so bright,  
That they dim th' eagle's piercing sight:  
Whenever then your charms can't gain  
The heart, Cupid spends his shafts in vain.

## Fourth couplet.

At your look the nymphs with envy burn,  
And Jews for your sake Christians turn;  
Nay, the gods like fix'd statues stand,  
T' admire your features and lilly hand.

## Fifth couplet.

Your voice is more soothing than sounding wire,  
Or Venus's smiles, or Apollo's lyre:  
Your well fraught heart no vice can enter,  
For in you all perfections centre.

THESE couplets, cried Cleofas, are full of gallantry and delicacy. That is because you are a Spaniard, said the dæmon; were they translated into French, they would not be much admired. A Frenchman would not like the figurative expressions, but would discover in them a whimsical imagination that would only excite his laughter. Every nation is prepossessed in favour of its own taste and genius. But let us have done with those couplets, continued he, for you are going to hear another kind of musick.

OBSERVE those four men who now appear in the street; see they fall upon the serenaders, who make

use of their instruments to defend themselves; but they, not being able to withstand the force of the blows, fly into a thousand shivers. And now two cavaliers come to their assistance, one of which gave the serenade. See with what fury they fall upon the aggressors, who being of equal courage and address, receive them with great resolution. What a fire flashes from their swords! see, one of the defenders of the concert falls; and it is he that gave it. He is mortally wounded; upon seeing which, his companion takes to his heels, the aggressors too make off, and the musick disappear. Only the poor unfortunate cavalier, whose serenade cost him his life, remains there on the spot. Observe at the same time the Alcalde's daughter, who from her window is observing every thing that passes; and is so proud and vain of her beauty, though a very ordinary creature, that, instead of grieving at this fatal catastrophe, she applauds herself for it, and thinks herself more handsome upon that account.

BUT that is not all, added he; you see another gentleman, who, coming up to him that lies wallowing in his blood, endeavours to help him; but while he is discharging the duties of friendship, you see he is seized by the watch, who drag him to prison, where he will remain a long time, nor will it cost him less than if he had been really the murderer.

How fruitful of misfortunes has this night been! exclaimed Zambullo. Yes, replied the devil, and yet this will not be the last. At this moment, if you were at the sun-gate, you would be startled at a sight that will soon present itself. By the negligence of a servant, the fire has taken hold of a large house, and already reduced a great many valuable



things to ashes. But whatever valuable effects it may consume, Don Pedro de Escolano, whose unfortunate house it is, will not regret the loss of them if he can save his only daughter Seraphina, who is in danger of perishing in the flames. Don Cleofas expressing a great desire to see this fire, the cripple that instant flew with him to a large house directly opposite to that where the fire was.

THE END OF VOLUME FIRST.



